


Flashbacks







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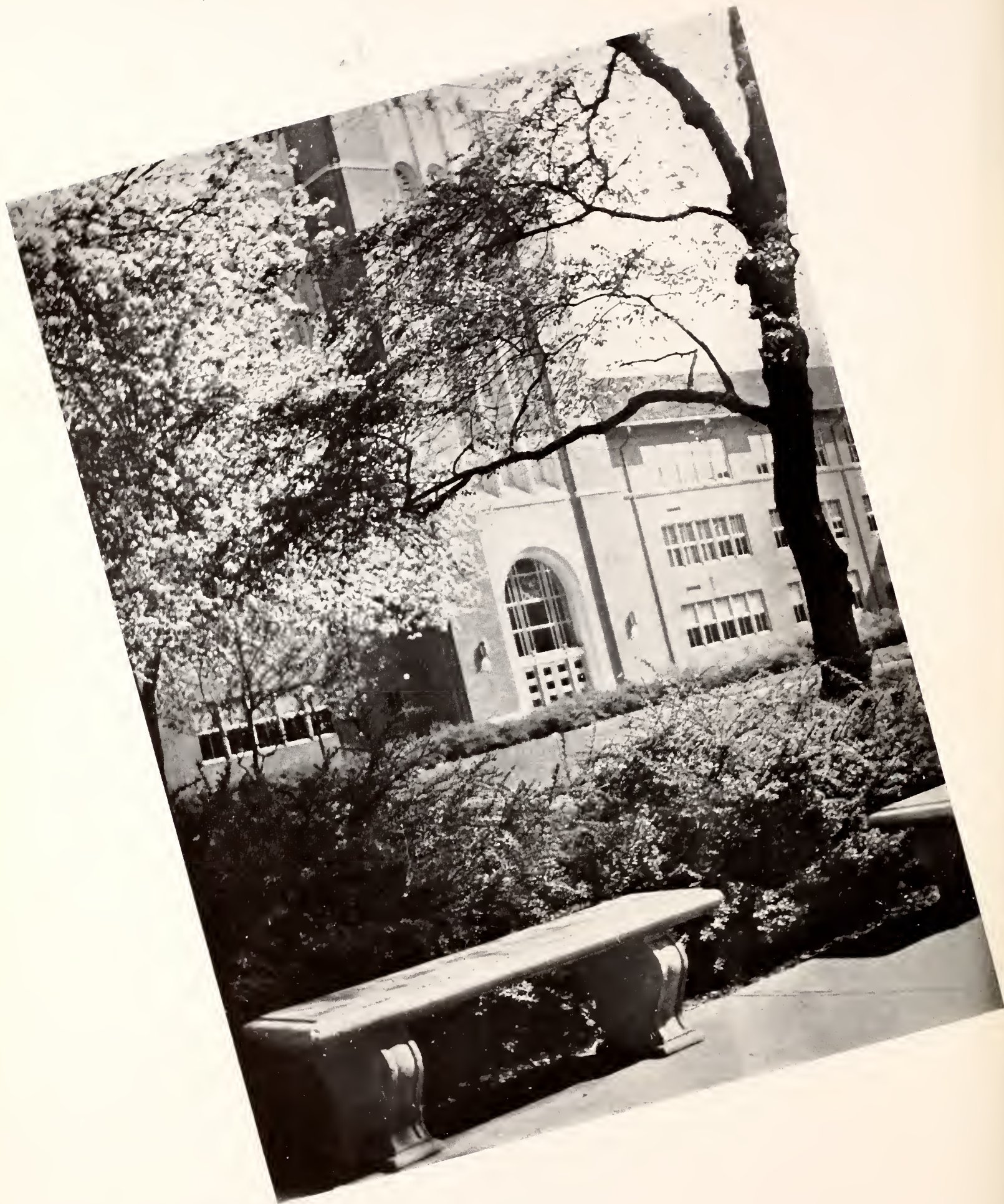
Flashbacks

THE
ARSENAL
CANNON

THE
ARSENAL TECHNICAL
SCHOOLS

INDIANAPOLIS
INDIANA

VOL. 59
No. 16



These I Will Remember . . .

I will remember the magnificent vastness of Tech—
the bigness which overwhelmingly has made me
only a minute part of its life.

I will remember the beauty of Tech—
the vivid beauty of its broad campus when spring
has breathed on it her life-giving exuberance;
the beauty of her friendship which has grown,
a bond between me and the others like me.

I will remember the familiar things of Tech.
And in this memory will live my first hours there,
searching for classes and unknown buildings,
the impression of a special teacher,
and the soul-lifting roll of drums
heard in an auditorium flag ceremony.

I will remember the unceasing noise of activity
which is the constant song of the shop buildings,
and the heavy gray smoke of labor
rolling out of the smoke stack.

I will remember the spasmodic throb of hubbub
of passing classes, piercingly dulled
by empty vacantness which follows.

I will remember walking feet—
feet that are walking through mud puddles
and slushing through damp wet snow,
feet that are following cinder paths,
feet that are teeming with the excitement
of nerve-wracking athletic competition;
and feet that are slowly meandering
over hot, sun-covered sidewalks—
the marching feet of Tech.
These I will remember.

The Campus In Autumn . . .



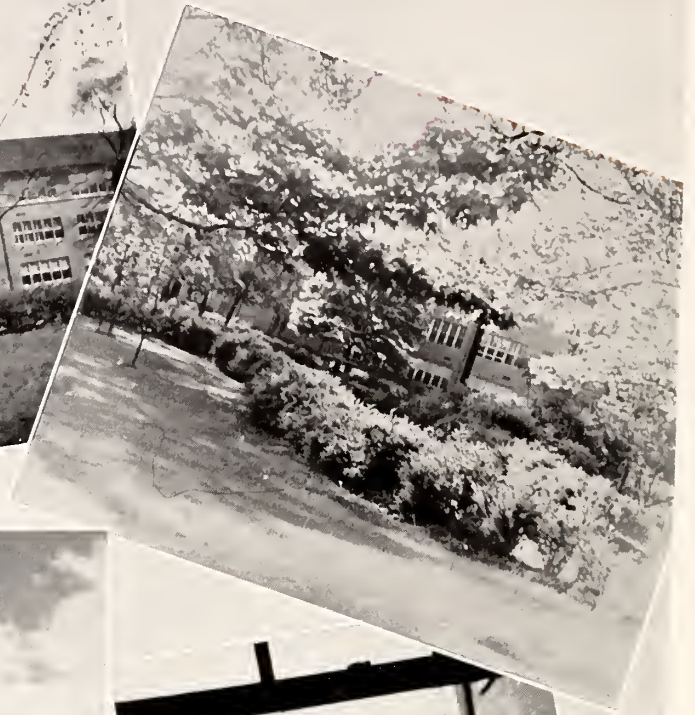
In Winter . . .



The first snow . . .



And In The Spring



As summer approaches . . .



I'm Proud of This



ARSENAL · TECHNICAL · SCHOOLS
CONSISTING OF THE TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL AND VOCATIONAL SCHOOLS
INDIANAPOLIS · INDIANA

OFFICE OF THE PRINCIPAL

Dear Senior:
Your high school days will soon be over and as you look back I truly hope you may do so in a spirit of gratefulness and joy. They should have been profitable days in every sense of the word. The friendships cultivated and the preparation made for days ahead should always be a source of strength and inspiration. I hope Technical has played an important role in building this foundation.

You and your class have stood for high ideals, demonstrated excellent leadership, and manifested a desire to do things for the good of the school - all of which have helped to raise our standards still higher. You have a grave duty and responsibility in these troublous days. I am sure you will respond most willingly and ably, and your school will always be proud of your accomplishments.

I hope you may carry the same optimism throughout life that has been so evident during the past four years. We shall anticipate your coming back to visit Tech, and the hatching will always be out to you.

Most sincerely,
H. H. Anderson



Our Principal—
Hanson H. Anderson

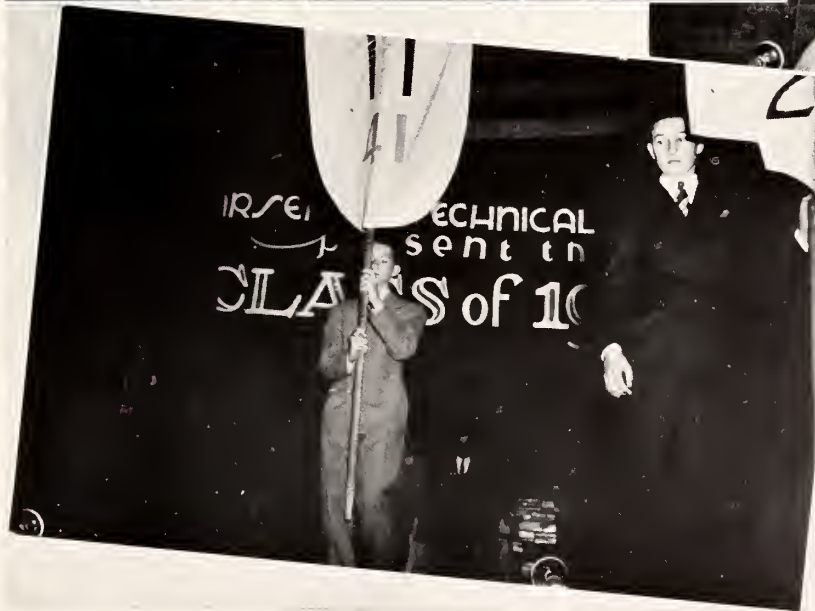
Retracing Our Steps To Last Spring

Those days last spring were so much fun—just wanted
a few pictures to remember them!



It won't be long now -
 we're next -
 Commencement!

Through the years



At the sound of the trumpet

Presenting the class of '41

Rose Hamilton,
Queen of the Cannon Ball



Pomp and Circumstance



ARSENAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
ON THIS HISTORIC SITE



Mr. Anderson
speaks at the
unveiling -
May 22, 1941

Unveiling the
Milo Stuart Bust



Presenting Mrs. Stuart

The World's At Our Feet ~ ~ ~



cosmetics for the classics



$\frac{1}{3} + \frac{1}{3} + \frac{1}{3} = \text{Triplets}$



That was a stickler of a day!



Who wants to go to class?

In Activities At Tech



Well, I'll be hanged—
a record!



It's a man's world...



This page was dead, anyway...



What's cooking?

Stratford Club — Shakespeare fans meet at Stratford-on-second-floor



H₂O is diluted at a Chemistry Club party



Where yarns are spun while knittin' for Britain — the Knitting Club



Fun and good fellowship in the Friendly Club



The Model Airplane Club "keeps 'em flying"



The Drama Club steps out from behind the footlights



Turning the camera on the Photography Club



"My life is an open book"—says the Library Club



Good sports, one and all — the Sportsman Club

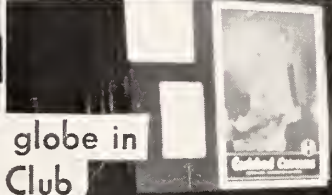


At a Girl Reserves meeting



I take my pen in hand . . . — the Pen-Friendship Association

Keeping up with the globe in the Social Science Club



"Friends, Techites, and Countrymen. . ." — the Demegorians



Promoting school spirit in the Service Club

Promoting the Good-Neighbor Policy
in the Spanish Club



The Home Economics Club — too many cooks? Oh, no!



A plug for the Advertising Club



Bringing a dead language to life in the Latin Club



Here's the square root of the XYZ Club



Parlez-vous francais? The French Club does!



A study of the Nature Study Club studying nature



The Agriculture Club —
Mr. Hoffman and his Greenhouse Gang



Sounding for sound in the Physics Club

The La Gaceta Staff



The Le Journal Staff



"Make up and live" — suggests the Make-Up Staff



R. O. T. C. On Parade

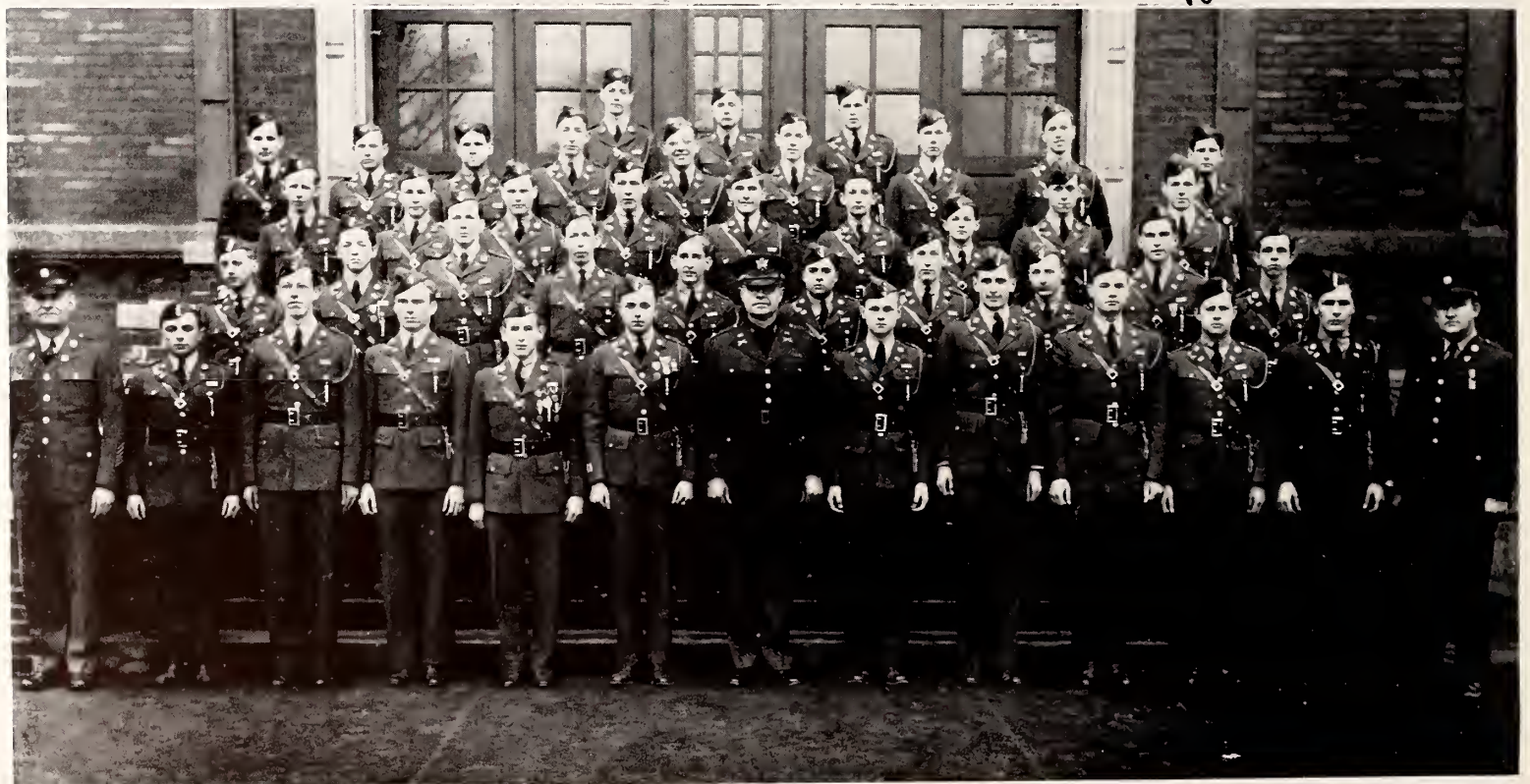


I salute the field officers!



The rifle team at port arms

Our cadet commissioned officers



We're proud of our R. O. T. C. unit—proud because, even though it has experienced frequent changes in the instructing staff during the past year, its cadets have been striving in traditional style to win the twenty-first honor star for the school flag, and at the same time have maintained the high standards set by former units.

Sergeant Pruett Announces Non-Commissioned Officers

Of the 117 non-commissioned officers selected to be given a four-weeks' trial, almost every advanced cadet proved that he had the necessary qualifications, according to Sergeant Chester A. Pruett, who announced the promotions.

During these promotions, learned to men



Speaking of cadet non-commissioned corporals



And cadet non-commissioned sergeants

Annual R.O.T.C. Banquet To Be Held on November 6

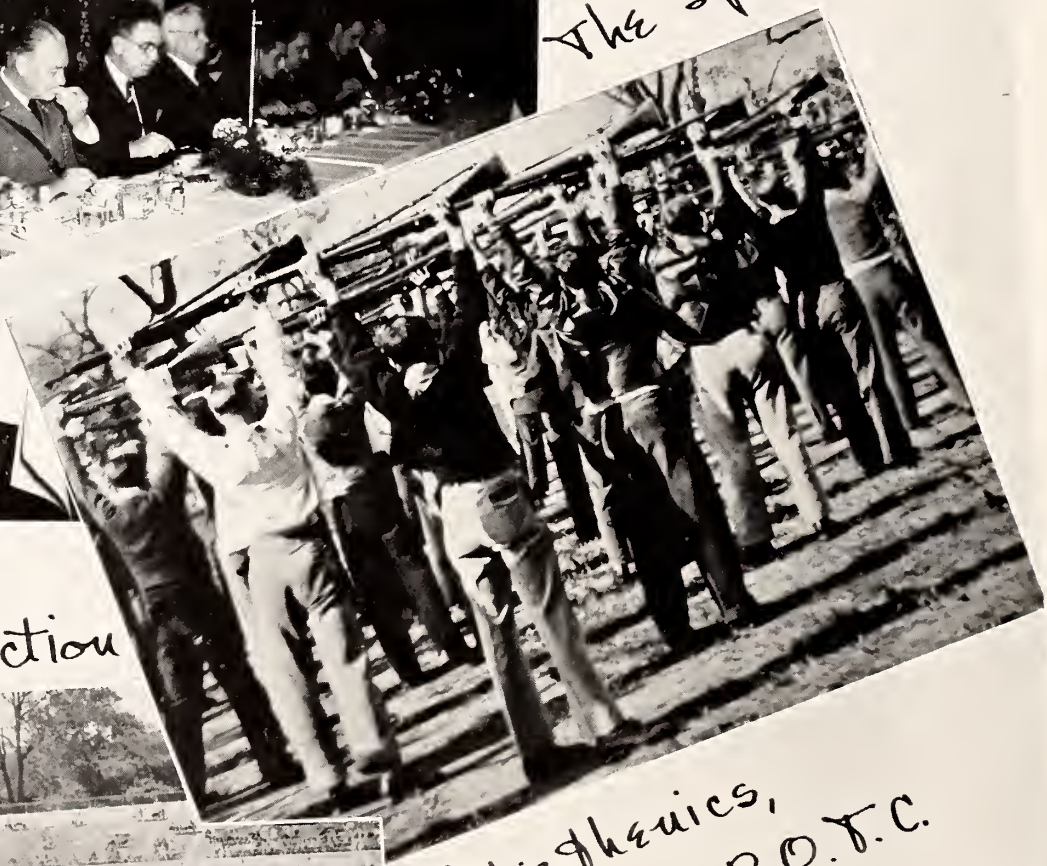
Mr. Bjorn Winger will be master of ceremonies for the ninth annual R.O.T.C. Fathers' and Sons' banquet, to be held at 6 p.m. in the lunchroom, followed by a program in the Gymnasium, Thursday evening, November 6, as announced by Mr. Werner Monninger, general chairman of the affair.

Hosts for the event are Mr. Anderson, principal; Technical Sergeant A. Pruett, Sergeant Ernest DeWitt S. Morgan, and Sergeant Vernon Bunch.

Mr. DeWitt S. Morgan introduced the guests who included the School Board and DeWitt S. Morgan, superintendent; and Lieutenant-Colonel military instructors of the schools; and the banquet will be held in the Gymnasium.

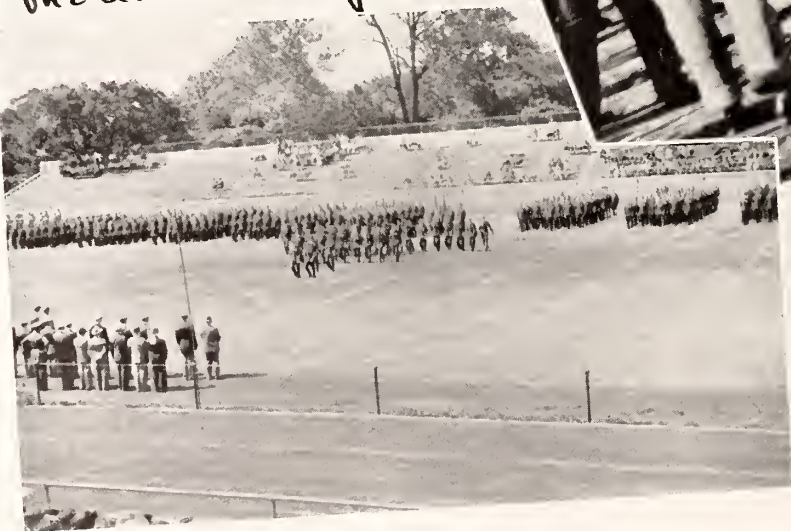


The Speakers



Calisthenics, a la R.O.T.C.

The annual inspection





The R.O.T.C. Band at attention



The Band boys—
at ease



Before the parade

The Arsenal Cannon Staff ~ ~ ~

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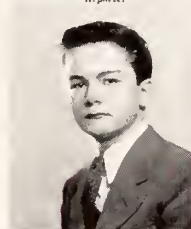
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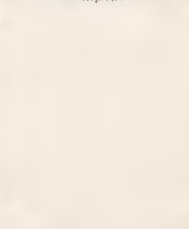
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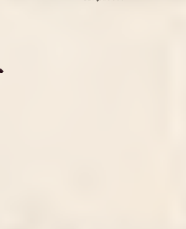
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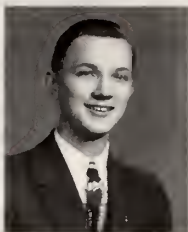


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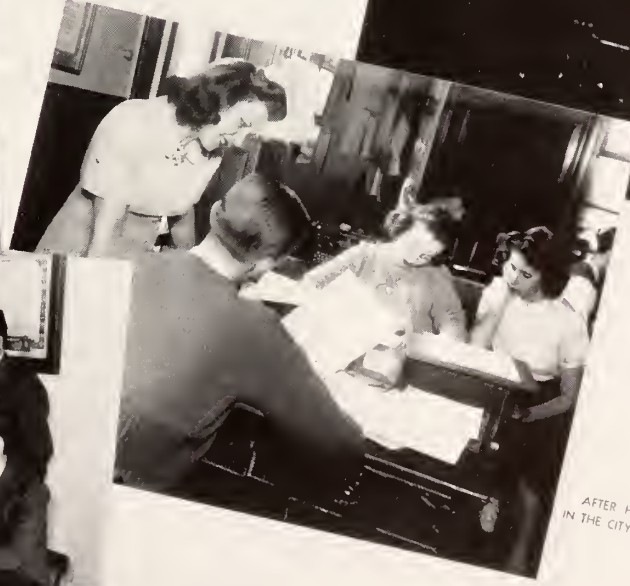
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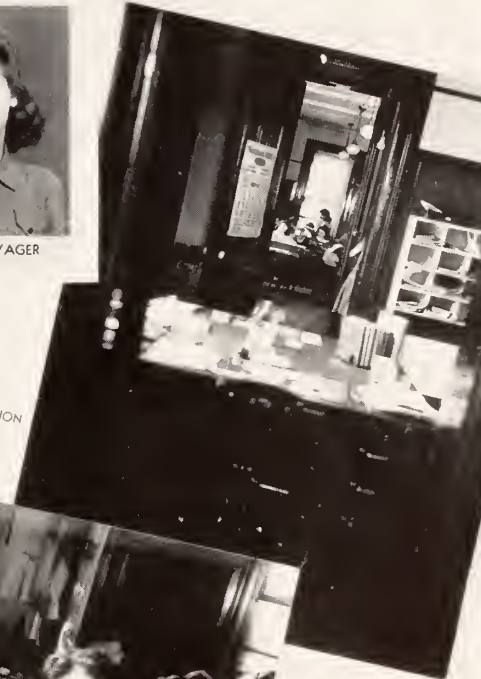
ONE FALL DAY



FACULTY ASSISTANTS
Charles Glan, Herbert Traub,
Harold Stewart, Floyd Bldington,
Freda Lillis, Donald Ragdale,
Homer Smith



AFTER HOURS
IN THE CITY ROOM



THROUGH THE CANNON
OFFICE DOORS

~ ~ ~ And The Cannon Aides



Photography Class



Commercial Art Class



Layout Class



Sign Painting Class



After a Cannon Agents' Meeting

High Pressure Salesmen—Fall Cannon Agents



Spring Cannon Agent Winners



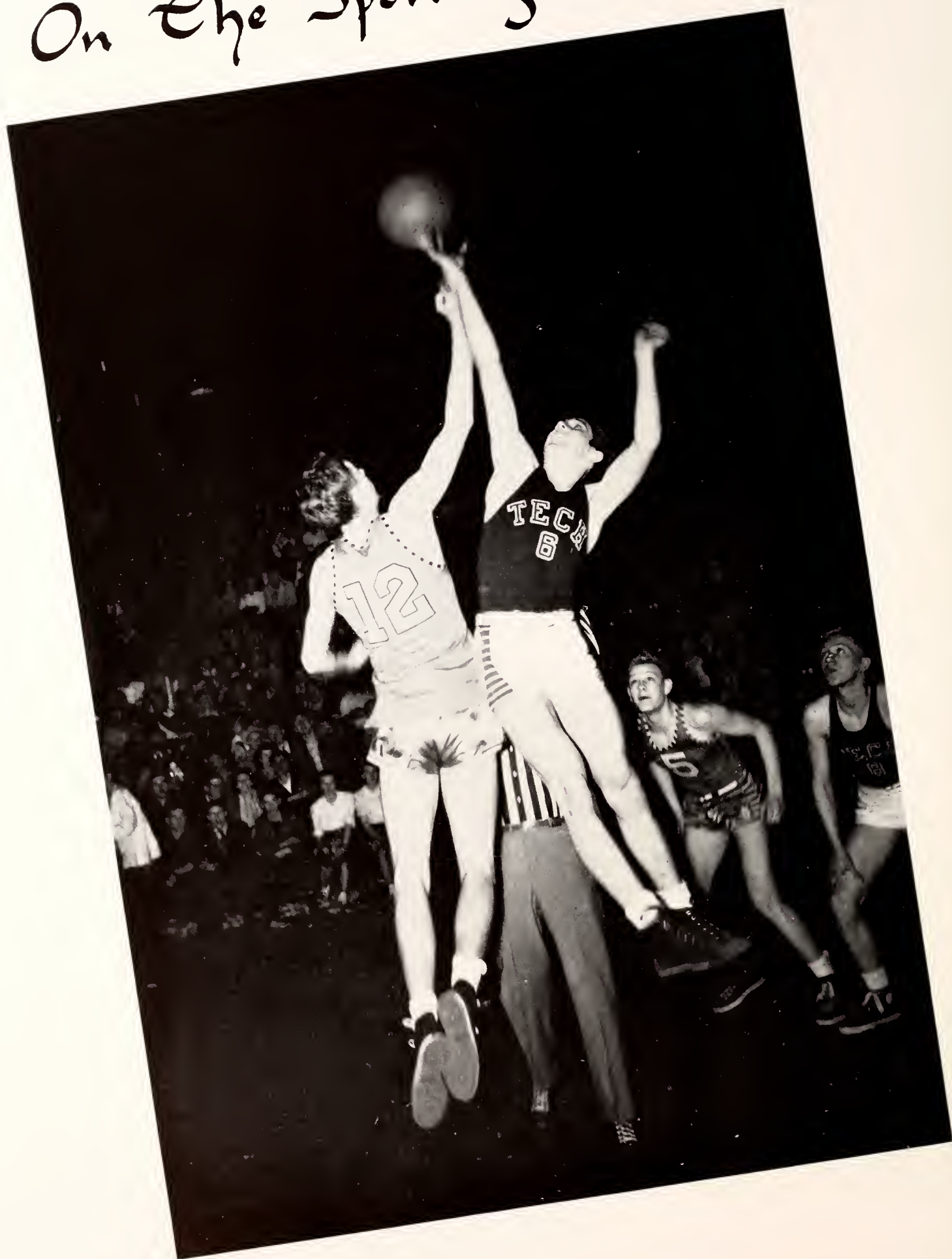
Printers of the Cannon



Cub Reporters



On The Sporting Scene





VARSITY FOOTBALL—*Bottom Row* (left to right): Jack Hummerickhouse, Malcolm Bradway, John Kennedy, Bruce Frazier, James Warrenburg, Jack Morton, Jael Shorp, and Monson Ballard.

Second Row: Robert Pottersan, Ernest Medcalfe, James Byers, William Wagner, Edward Stroin, Robert Meyer, William Mead, Dan Roller, George Moore, George Souviner, and Frank Owings.

Third Row: Athletic Director R. V. Copple, Assistant Coach Paul Wetzell, Coach Robert L. Ball, William Mullenholtz, William Volk, James Stahley, Ralph LaGrotto, William Strotton, Keith Honno, John Whitesell, Robert Hennigar, Freshman Cooch Howard Longshore, Freshman Cooch Charles P. Dagwell, and Reserve Coach Wayne Rhodes.

Top Row: James Myers, Wayne Arbuckle, Arwin Curran, John Graham, Dale Burries, Jack Hanna, John Rainey, Conrad Bryan, Russell Barron, and John Dobkins.

FOOTBALL

VARSITY

Finishing their first undefeated season in some twenty years of competition, Tech's Greenclads completed a tough schedule with eight wins and a tie with Muncie. Aside from that, they also won the coveted city crown and grabbed a second place standing in the North Central Conference.

Long runs and well-balanced attacks featured the season. Coach Robert L. Ball's charges were never scored upon first except in the Shortridge game—they always drew first blood.

At the start of the season, prospects were looking good during the long, hot practice sessions under the September sun. Several backfield candidates up from the reserve team, namely Bill Volk and John Dobkins, looked like the missing links in Coach Ball's search for additional power to bolster veterans Jack Hanna and Howard Beeson. Line power centered about returning lettermen Jack Rainey, Dale Burries, Jim Myers, Bob Hennigar, and up-and-coming Keith Hanna, Frank Owings, and John Graham. On the whole, the outlook was rosy.

Then came the much-awaited schedule opener, Southport, September 19. Tech took the kick-off and on the second play, Beeson ploughed through right tackle only to suffer a broken collarbone in the pile-up. But that didn't stop the Greens. They went on to score twice on Dobkins' 65-yard

off-tackle smash and Jim Stahley's 30-yard gallop. Thus, Tech won, 13 to 7.

Travelling to Jefferson of Lafayette, September 26, the Greens capitalized on a first-period safety and a touchdown by Jack Hanna to eke out an 8-to-6 win.

Bill Volk intercepted Chuck Henderson's aerial and raced 94 yards to the Muncie two-yard line in the Bearcat 6-to-6 stalemate, October 3. Dobkins plunged over for the score, but the upstate boys came back in the same period and Henderson's pass found Dick Vanlandingham in the end zone to tie up the count. The game was played on a muddy home field.

The following week, October 10, the locals went to Anderson, and a 47-yard pass interception by Bobby Meyer, an 80-yard run by Volk, and a score by Jack Hanna bested the Indians by a 19-to-12 count.

Continually strengthening their attack, the Greenclads faced their first city foe, October 17, and toppled Manual, 12 to 0, thus making their first bid for the city title.

Completely overpowering their opponents, the Green and White tallied first when Dale Burries snared Redskin Bob Hogan's aerial on the Tech 35 and scampered the remaining distance to the goal. Jack Hanna added the next touchdown in the second period when he outran the Manual secondary in a 40-yard jaunt. Reserves carried the brunt of the attack in the second half after the game was "on ice."

Volk again paced the Greens in the Cathedral battle, October 24, as the Ballmen came out on top, 27 to 12. The Tech fullback tore down the sidelines for 54 yards in the opening period, and again crossed the goal in the final stanza. Jack Hanna and Ernie Medcalfe provided the other tallies on climaxes of sustained drives.

A muddy field failed to slow the Green and White attack, October 31, as the undefeated gridders dropped their third conference foe, smothering Richmond, 19 to 0. On the fifth play of the contest, Volk crashed through center and crossed into pay dirt 47 yards later. Dobkins scored another touchdown before the first quarter ended, and Jack Hanna romped 80 yards through tackle for a tally in the second period. The Red Devils never threatened seriously against a tight Tech defense.

Jack Hanna sprinted 76 yards for the 6 points on the second play of the game as the Greenclads shaded Washington, 7 to 6, November 7. Volk added the winning point on a line buck. However, a shifty "T" formation started clicking and Johnny Neraston took a pass from Don King for the Continental cause in the second session. A hard-fought seesaw battle ensued, with both elevens fighting desperately to annex the tilt for the city crown.

Then came the all-important Shortridge game, November 14. Although they were comparatively weaker than usual, the Blue Devils had an impressive record. The Satans took an early offensive and threatened within the Tech five-yard line in the first period. A bad pass from center and a consequent fumble by Jack Hanna on a kick behind his own goal line gave the Northsiders a two-point safety.

After the half-time rest, however, an improved Green machine took command of the contest, and Dobkins ploughed through right tackle for eighteen yards in the final stanza for the score. Hanna leaped center for the additional point, and Tech won, 7 to 2. This marked the first victory over the Shortridge boys since 1937.

Following the last game, fans about the city settled down to picking their all-city teams. As was expected, the Greenclads dominated most of the selections, because, as most experts agreed, this team was truly an outstanding aggregation at Tech and in Indianapolis football history.



Facing the Forward Wall

RESERVES

Tech's reserve pigskin aggregation came through with two victories, one tie, and two losses to end the 1941 campaign.

The reserves' two setbacks were handed them by the State Deaf School and the Shortridge "B's," with the Silent Hoosiers shading the Greens by a slim 13-to-12 margin. However, the understudies took a drubbing at the hands of the Blue Devils to the tune of 13 to 7.

Five boys were responsible for the reserves' 32 points scored during the season. They were Lafe McCall, with 8; and Snowden Gillespie, Arthur Kern, Edward McLean, and Robert Burkhart, with 6 points each.

The complete season record is as follows: State Deaf School 13, Tech 12; Manual 0, Tech 0 (tie); Cathedral 0, Tech 7; Shortridge 13, Tech 7; and Washington 0, Tech 6.

FRESHMEN

Losing only to Shortridge, the freshman pigskin squad, under the direction of Coaches Charles Dagwell and Howard Longshore, just missed being undefeated in six contests during the 1941 season. The teams to fall before the rhinie attacks were Southport, 7 to 0; Ben Davis, 13 to 6; Manual, 19 to 6; Cathedral, 38 to 0; and Washington, 20 to 0. Shortridge nipped the Greens, 13 to 6.

About the most deciding of the defeats suffered at the hands of the little Greenclads was the 38-to-0 pounding of Cathedral. In this game, fullback Floyd Percy chalked up 19 points. The Blue Devils snatched their verdict in the last minute of play after Jimmy Andrews had scored the lone Tech marker.

CROSS COUNTRY

Completing a none too successful season, Tech's cross-country sprinters won from Washington's harriers for the lone win of the season.

In their initial encounter with the Southport Cardinals, the Greens were outpointed, 21 to 34, by Tom Haynes and Delbert Kleis, who finished first and second respectively.

The second run of the season was strictly a repetition of the first for the Greenclads, for they lost by the same margin, and Tech's speediest thinlies finished in the identical positions as they did in the opener.

Continuing their improvement throughout the course of the schedule, the harriers finally hit their stride in time to capture the last contest.

The complete season record was as follows: Southport 21, Tech 34; Ben Davis 21, Tech 34; Anderson 23, Tech 32; Manual 22, Tech 33; Warren Central 20, Tech 34; Howe 23, Tech 32; and Tech 26, Washington 29.

Members of the cross-country squad were Frank Stafford, Wayne Trapp, John Potter, William Stoeffler, George Lynam, Richard Brunnhoeffler, Richard Wright, and James Worrell.

RESERVE FOOTBALL—Bottom Row (left to right): Kenneth Pothost, Reginold Bowers, Peter Poolos, Bob Evons, James Scott, John Fontoine, Edward Moore, Rolph Roosch, John Jordon, and Harry Delks.

Second Row: Athletic Director R. V. Copple, Edwin McLeon, Robert Roosch, William Schenck, Snowden Gillespie, Frank Springer, Robert Orem, Arthur Kern, Coach Wayne E. Rhodes.

Top Row: Robert Stroub, Robert Binder, Jack Meons, Harold Lowler, John Morkovich, John Bronnon, and Donald Armour.



FRESHMAN FOOTBALL—Bottom Row (left to right): Robert Porrish, Merrill Hinton, Bernard Doiley, Duord Bollord, Tom Higon, Floyd Peorcy, William Richardson, Jack Reo, William Wonders, Paul Stondeford, and Hermon Roth.

Second Row: James Seword, Don Bouermeister, James Andrews, William Logon, Joe Mottingly, William Quillin, Gene Deer, Jack Himes, Roy Brock, Eugene Hobbs, and George Petrovich.

Third Row: Coach Howard E. Longshore, Robert Borrick, Robert Forbes, William Choplin, Paul Walker, James Pringle, Sylvester Wieneke, William Wilson, James Reddick, William Losen, Gole Enlow, Robert Stoton, and Coach Charles P. Dogwell.

Top Row: Joseph Peasley, John Lond, William E. Croig, Robert Webster, Richard Stonehouse, Robert Joyner, Edward Schmidt, Charles Curtis, Howard Hunter, and Richard Moody.



CROSS COUNTRY—Bottom Row (left to right): Fred Aylor, William Hoover, John Potter, David Yotes, Richard Brunnhoeffer, and Earl Trimpe.

Top Row: Athletic Director R. V. Copple, Richard Wright, James Worrell, Dick Wilson, David Copple, Richard Pratt, and Coach Paul E. Myers. Frank Stoford and Wayne Tropp were absent when the picture was taken.



Victory Day Celebration

In honor of the excellent records established by the three football teams last fall, a Victory Day celebration was held, November 17, in the stadium as the entire school was led in a parade to the field for the ceremonies.

One hundred thirteen athletic awards were presented to the varsity, reserve, and freshman gridders. Mr. Hanson H. Anderson, principal, introduced Mr. DeWitt S. Morgan, superintendent of schools, who praised the teams for their fine spirit and accomplishments. Mr. Anderson announced that it was the first time in many years that awards had been presented before the entire student body. Athletic Director R. V. Copple introduced each of the coaches who, in turn, presented each team for the awards.

White block T's on green sweaters, the first major athletic award, were awarded to Keith Hanna, Frank Owings, John Graham, James Stahley, John Whitesell, Robert Meyer, Robert Johnson, William Stratton, Wayne Arbuckle, Ernest Medcalfe, Jack Morton, and Bruce Frazier.

Gold T pins, which are the second major award in the same sport, were presented to John Rainey, Jack Hanna, Dale Burries, James Myers, and Robert Hennigar.

Green block T's on white sweaters, which are given for the second letter in a different sport, were presented to William Volk, John Dobkins, and Eugene Newland. Service awards for two years of varsity competition without winning a major letter were given to Conrad Bryan, Arwin Curran, Manson Ballard and Jack Hummerickhouse.

Acorn THS pins were awarded to the following reserves: Donald Armour, Robert Binder, Reginald Bowers, John Brannon, Robert Evans, John Fontaine, Snowden Gillespie, Arthur Kern, John Markovich, Jack Means, Lafe McCall, Edwin McLean, Edward Moore, Robert Orem, Peter Poolos, Kenneth Pothast, Robert Raasch, Frank Springer, William Schenck, James Scott, and Claire Shawver.

Varsity players receiving this award included William Barron, James Byers, John R. Kennedy, Ralph LaGrotto, William R. Mead, George Moore, William Mullenholtz, Robert W. Patterson, John A. Peterson, Joel Sharp, Donald Roller, George Souviner, and William Wagner.

Members of the freshman squad who received ATS buttons were James Andrews, Duard Ballard, Robert Barrick, Don Bauermeister, Roy Brock, Guy Bywaters, William Chaplin, William Craig, Lawrence Crick, Charles Curtis, Bernard Dailey, Gene Deer, Gale Enlow, Robert Forbes, Wilbur Gaston, Douglas Greer, Jack Himes, Merrill Hinton, Ralph Hirschberger.

Eugene Hobbs, Tom Hogan, Howard Hunter, Robert Joyner, William Larsen, William Logan, Joe Mattingly, Richard Moody, Robert Parrish, Milton Pate, James Pringle, Floyd Percy, Joe Peasley, George Petrovich, Bill Quillin, Jack Rea, James Reddick, William Richardson, James Seward, Paul Standeford, Robert Staton, Richard Stonehouse, Paul Walker, Kenneth Weaver, Robert Webster, Sylvester Wieneke, William Wilson, and William Wonders.

Reserves winning this pin were Harry Delks, John Jordan, Ralph Raasch, William Shuck, and Robert Straub. Malcolm Bradway, Edward Strain, and James Warrenburg were the varsity recipients of the ATS award.



Athletic Director Copple opens the program.



Coach Dagwell's boys line up for their pins.



Coach Rhades' boys receive their awards.



A bird's-eye view of the Victory Day program.



VARSITY BASKETBALL—Bottom Row (left to right): Robert Wilson, Charles Maas, Robert Evans, William Pease, and Marvin Arnold.

Second Row: Athletic Director R. V. Capple, Frank Stafford, Robert Meyer, Robert Mehl, William Zady, Delbert Evans, and Coach Glenn A. Johnson.

BASKETBALL

VARSITY

For the first campaign under the guidance of Coach Glenn A. Johnson, who replaced Mr. Bayne Freeman as varsity mentor at the beginning of the 1941-42 season, the Tech basketball team was victorious nine times, while dropping ten contests to finish slightly below the 500 mark with an average of 474. The Greenclads scored a total of 584 points for an average of 30.74 per game, while opponents tallied 587 points to average 30.89 a game.

In city competition the boys who wear the Green were bothered only by the Washington club, which was a thorn in Tech's side all season. However, North Central Conference play was another story as the Big Green captured only two out of nine Conference battles.

Leading scorer for the Tech five in regular scheduled games was letterman Bobby Wilson who chalked up 109 points, followed closely by veteran Bill Pease who sent 108 markers through the meshes.

Starting the season in excellent fashion, the Greenclads won four out of their first five tilts. Frankfort's Hot Dogs came next, and they gave the locals their worst lacing of the campaign. The Johnsonmen bounced back to wallop Shortridge and Rushville.

These two triumphs were followed by five straight set-

backs, including a 33-to-32 thriller to Washington in the City Tourney.

Snapping this losing streak, the Green and White netmen conquered Southport and Marion on successive evenings. Then Tech closed the season with a pair of losses.

In the Sectionals Tech got by Howe after being forced into an overtime, but again it fell before the Continentals in a rough struggle.

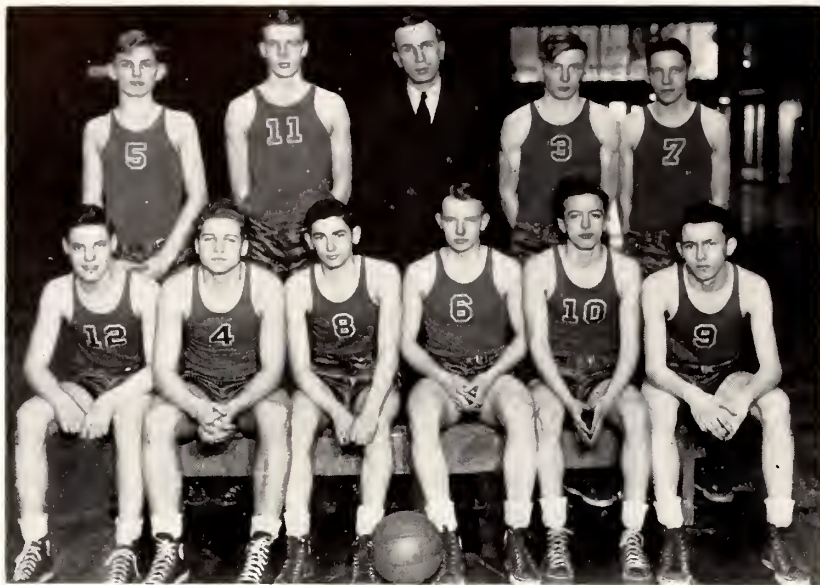
Complete record for the season: November 28—Tech 19, Washington 17; November 29—Tech 32, Howe 23; December 5—Tech 33, Kokomo 32; December 12—Tech 27, New Castle 34; December 13—Tech 27, Cathedral 25; December 20—Tech 15, Frankfort 32; December 23—Tech 33, Shortridge 24; January 2—Tech 45, Rushville 18; January 3—Tech 34, Richmond 39; January 9—Tech 33, Logansport 32.

January 15—(City Tourney)—Tech 32, Washington 33; January 23—Tech 24, Jeff of Lafayette 29; January 30—Tech 30, Muncie 35; February 6—Tech 42, Southport 35; February 7—Tech 40, Marion 34; February 14—Tech 27, Anderson 32; and February 21—Tech 28, Shelbyville 45.

February 26, 27, and 28—(Sectionals)—Tech 33, Howe 32 (overtime); Tech 30, Washington 34.

RESERVES

Under the skillful guidance of mentor Charles Gilbert, the Green and White "B" team ended its 1941-42 season



RESERVE BASKETBALL—Bottom Row (left to right): Richard Hickey, Robert Meyer, Harold Pritchard, George Lynam, Frank Stoffer, and John Washon.

Second Row: Robert Orem, Jack Larsen, Coach Charles Gilbert, Robert Patterson, and Paul Donahue.



FRESHMAN BASKETBALL—Bottom Row (left to right): William McCartney, Richard Plummer, Richard Slinker, John Redmond, and Kenneth Weaver.

Second Row: Edward Wirtz, Kenneth Hoy, Paul Reynolds, Paul Keortge, George Bovard, Joe Milan, and Stanton Sheppard.

Top Row: Marvin Fields, Isaac Niesonbaum, Dick Wilson, Coach Alvin Shumm, William Larsen, Robert Barrick, and Richard Moody.



CHEERLEADERS—Bottom Row (left to right): Dale Finley, Paul Sykes, and Robert Snowball.

Second Row: Ray Davis, Clyde Combs, and Ronald Hull.

with a tight hold on the Reserve City Crown and nine victories as against seven defeats.

The understudies breezed past several tough opponents including the Anderson, Shelbyville, and Jefferson of Lafayette quintets. Drawing a bye in the City Tourney, the Gilbertmen cashed in on the break to capture the city title by squeezing past Washington, 25 to 19, and Manual, 23 to 11, in the finals.

Members of the 1941-42 reserve squad were Jack Larsen, George Lynam, Frank Stafford, Bob Orem, Bob Patterson, John Washon, Richard Hickey, Harold Pritchard, Bob Meyer, and Paul Donahue.

The reserve schedule complete with scores was as follows: Washington 24, Tech 20; Tech 38, Howe 36; Kokomo 17, Tech 12; New Castle 17, Tech 16; Tech 29, Cathedral 27; Frankfort 19, Tech 16; Shortridge 32, Tech 25.

Tech 37, Rushville 20; Richmond 28, Tech 25; Tech 23, Manual 11 (city tourney); Tech 25, Washington 19 (city tourney); Tech 28, Jefferson 19; Muncie 23, Tech 19; Tech 20, Southport 16; Marion 22, Tech 14; Tech 18, Anderson 13; and Tech 20, Shelbyville 18.

FRESHMEN

Coach Alvin Shumm's freshman netters came through seventeen scheduled contests, losing but three, as they marked up an excellent record for the 1941-42 season.

The yearlings scored an average of 22.76 points each game while opposing teams were putting 17.53 points through the nets.

The only three teams to nip the rhinies were Howe, Broad Ripple, and Shortridge. However, not one of these setbacks went unavenged. In later games, each of the conquerors was outpointed.

Included in the season's wins were victories over Washington, Manual, and Cathedral by very decisive scores. The Continentals were downed early in the schedule by a score of 31 to 8; and later, 23 to 8. Manual fell to the tune of 16 to 5, and Cathedral, 34 to 15.

The Frosh marked up eight consecutive wins before suffering their initial setback. With this came a mid-season slump during which all three losses were counted against them. Following this came a six-game string of wins to complete the record, which is as follows: Tech 23—Speedway 21; Tech 17—Ben Davis 13; Tech 25—Decatur 24; Tech 27—Warren Central 17; Tech 15—Shortridge 13; Tech 22—Manual 20; Tech 25—Cathedral 13; Tech 31—Washington 8; Tech 22—Howe 31.

Tech 12—Broad Ripple 21; Tech 13—Shortridge 33; Tech 16—Manual 5; Tech 34—Cathedral 15; Tech 23—Washington 8; Tech 24—Howe 21; Tech 27—Southport 20; Tech 21—Broad Ripple 15.

CHEER LEADERS

The boys who helped bolster Tech's athletic morale this past year deserve credit for coming through with those much needed yells at just the right moment to give the boys on the field the right encouragement.

Members of the squad, who were coached by Mr. Dale Sare, were Clyde Combs, head cheerleader, Ray Davis, Ronald Hull, Robert Snowball, Dale Finley, and Paul Sykes.



Only
100 yds.



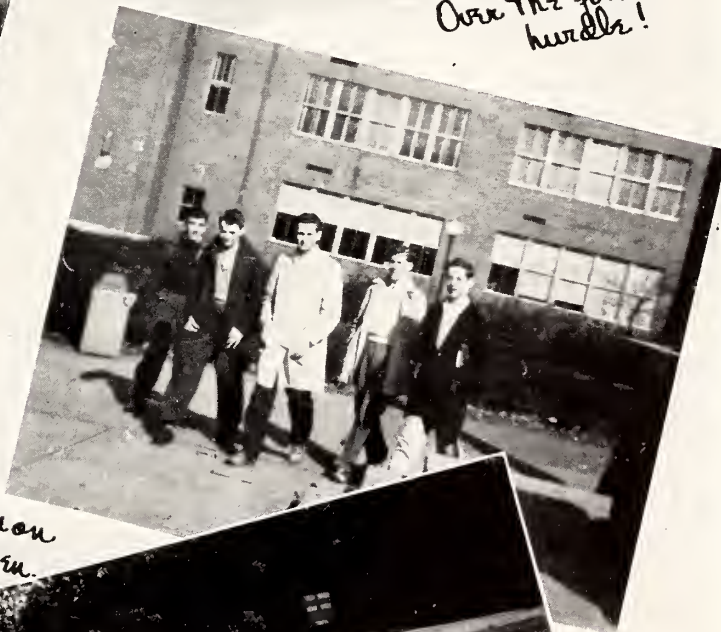
Sectionals!



Come on!
Yell!



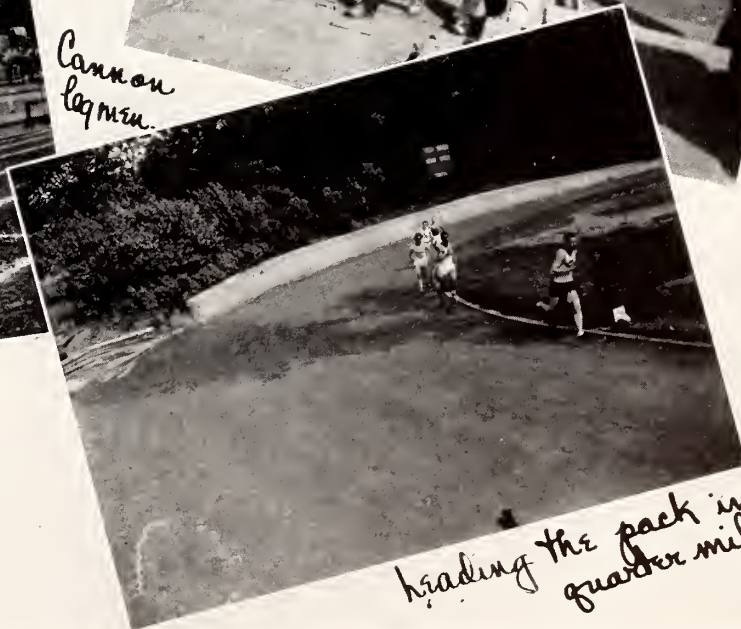
Over the first
hurdle!



Cannon
leg min.



Breaking the tape
in the hurdle



Leading the pack in the
quarter mile



VARSITY AND RESERVE TRACK—Bottom Row (left to right): Douglas Nowling, George Cleveland, Moffett Ulrey, Arthur Walters, Leray Winburn, Allisan Maddinger, Arthur Dabbins, Thomas Mullendare, Wayne Trapp, George Lynam, Robert Mundell, Ralph Boyer, Ernest Russell, and Jahn Patter.

Second Row: Athletic Director R. V. Capple, Freshman Track Coach Dale Sore, George Swayze, William Duggins, Edward Schilling, Seth Burgess, Thomas Tawsley, Donald Bauermeister, James Seward, Clyde McCormack, William Valk, Dale Burries, Frank Stafford, Robert Datson, and James Worrall.

Top Row: Joseph Hayes, Thomas Baker, Robert Evans, William Richardson, Jahn T. Anderson, Thomas Miller, Paul Lagan, Rallin Hawkins, David Klapper, William Schenck, Donald Pedlow, Arthur Kern, Field Coach Reuben D. Behlmer, and Track Coach Paul E. Myers.

TRACK

VARSITY

Only one victim fell by the way in the current track and field schedule for the Greenclads as the CANNON went to press.

Coach Paul E. Myers' charges annexed the opening engagement of the season, dropping Washington 54 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 44 $\frac{1}{4}$ on the local cinders, April 8. The Greens amassed their points through wins by Bill Volk, Jack Hendricks, John Dobkins, Don Pedlow, Dale Burries, and Frank Stafford. The relays events were not run because of the rain.

Bloomington's Panthers handed the locals their first setback of the season, April 10, in a dual meet at the downstate field. The winners scored 60 $\frac{1}{2}$ points to Tech's 56 $\frac{1}{2}$. In the meet, Volk remained undefeated in winning both dashes, while Burries placed second in the pole vault and won the shot put.

Wiley of Terre Haute was the next team to outclass the Greens by a total point score of 74 to 43. Volk again captured the dashes, while Pedlow won the high jump, Ralph Boyer, the broad jump, and Burries, the pole vault. The meet was held at Terre Haute, April 22.

A slightly weaker team than usual was entered in the ninth annual City Track and Field Meet, May 1, as the Greenclads fought a losing race with Howe to win their ninth straight victory in the annual classic. The Hornets scored 65 $\frac{1}{2}$ points to win the meet, while Tech was forced into a second place tie with Washington, scoring 53 $\frac{1}{2}$ points apiece.

Burries took credit for the only broken record of the day when he pole-vaulted 11 feet 10 inches to top the old mark which was set by Wallace "Red" Potter of Tech in 1940. Boyer again won the broad jump, Pedlow was city champ in the high jump, and Dobkins won the quarter-mile sprint.

The following week, Tech travelled to Frankfort for the night running of the North Central Conference meet. The Sectional meet was held for all county schools north of Washington Street, a week later, followed by the State Meet, the ensuing week-end.

RESERVES

Tech's Reserve Track and Field teams held several meets of the season along with the varsity, and were still one meet short of finishing their schedule as the CANNON went to press.

First of the victims of the understudy trackmen were Washington and Kokomo. The Continentals went down by a 74-to-24 count, while the Kats lost to Tech, 69 $\frac{2}{3}$ to 47 $\frac{1}{3}$.

Wiley of Terre Haute handed the reserves their first loss by an 87-to-30 score, while the second string thinlies lost to Manual, 68 to 47.

FRESHMAN

As the freshman tracksters had completed three meets before the CANNON went to press, all indications pointed to the fact that cinder material would be plentiful for 1945. A freshman half-mile relay team walked off with a trophy and first place at the Southport Relays.



VARSITY BASEBALL—Bottom Row (left to right): Jack Arbuckle, Mortin Corrico, William Lucas, Lofe McCall, Howard Matthews, Robert Meyer, Donald Bryon, Woodrow Litz, Neil King, Francis Denton, and Eugene Newland.

Top Row: Athletic Director R. V. Copple, James Kofoder, Charles Moos, Donald Roller, Jock Rosell, George Blackburn, Robert Mehl, Robert Orem, John Woshon, Coach Charles P. Dogwell, and Assistant Coach Wayne E. Rhodes.

BASEBALL

As the CANNON went to press, the baseball team, under the tutelage of Head Coach Charles P. Dagwell, had chalked up a record of six victories against only one defeat.

With only four returning lettermen, James Kafader, Gene Newland, Willard Litz, and Lafe McCall, Coach Dagwell has built a top-flight ball club.

After rain forced the postponement of the opening game against Broad Ripple, April 13, the Horsehiders, travelling to Southport two days later, suffered their only defeat of the season at the hands of the Cardinals, 8 to 2.

On April 17, Tech was host to Central of Lawrence, for the first time, in the opening home game of the season, winning 7 to 3.

After Lawrence, the locals entertained a rugged Cathedral nine in the only extra inning battle of the current campaign, ending with a score of 7 to 6.

Following the Cathedral Irish came the delayed contest with Broad Ripple, whom the Green and White smothered, 16 to 3.

April 24, the Deaf School visited Tech, the Big Green eking out a slim 4-to-2 triumph.

Tech travelled to Plainfield where Don Roller tossed a one-hitter as the Greenclads whitewashed the Quakers, 4 to 0.

Returning to the home field, the Green Wave walloped Rockville, 7 to 1, April 30.

crown. The golfers won their first match from Shortridge, 11 to 7, and then dropped the second by a score of 10½ to 7½ to Howe's Hornets.

Members of the golf squad are Marshall Springer, John Schorn, Kenneth Hoy, Lamar Downtain, George Purvis, Robert Pritchard, Jack Demaree, Jerry Mogg, and Richard Armstrong.



GOLF—(left to right): John Schorn, Marshall Springer, Mr. E. W. Ensinger, coach, Kenneth Hoy, Robert Pritchard, Jock Demoree, and George Purvis.

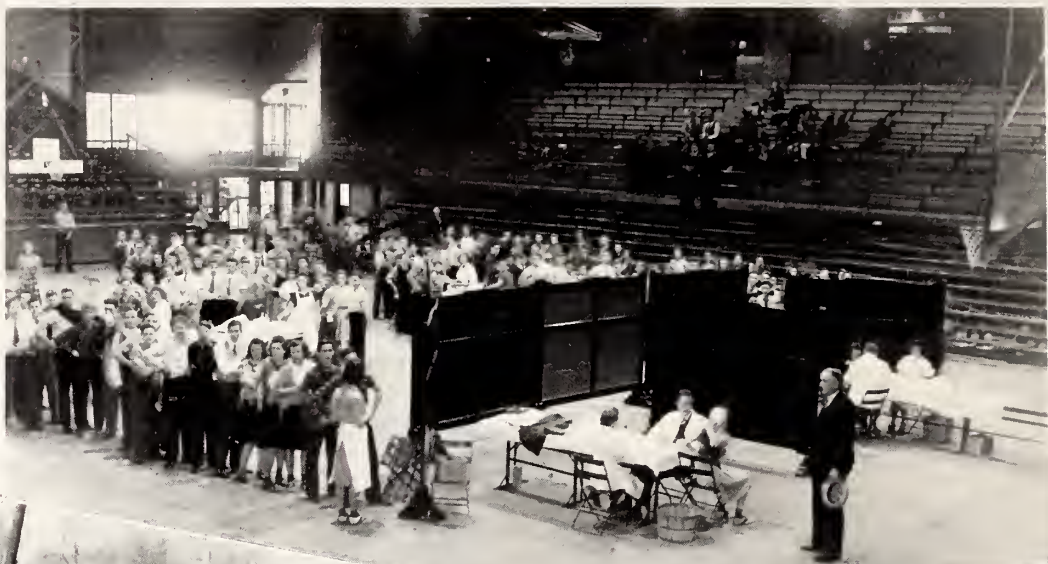


Freshman Track Team

GOLF

Tech's golfers got off to a late but successful start, under the tutorship of E. W. Ensinger, this year, and by their early showing loom as a potential threat to the mythical city golf

Today And Tomorrow ~ ~ ~



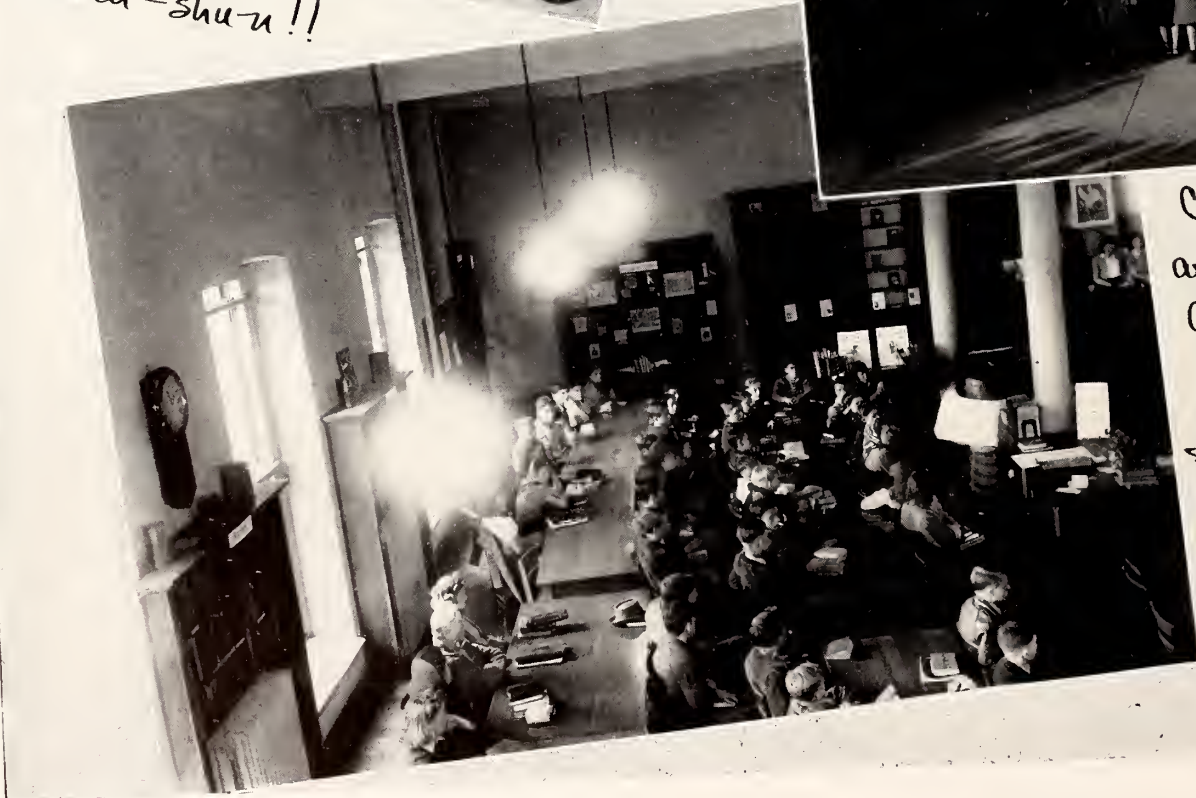
J.B. or not J.B?
that is the
question as
tests are made



Atten-shun!!



Carolers gather
around the campus
Christmas tree.



Freshmen make friends
with the library

"Ten seconds... on the air!"



The weekly Tech broadcast

Home Ec. girls ride hobbies in an exhibit



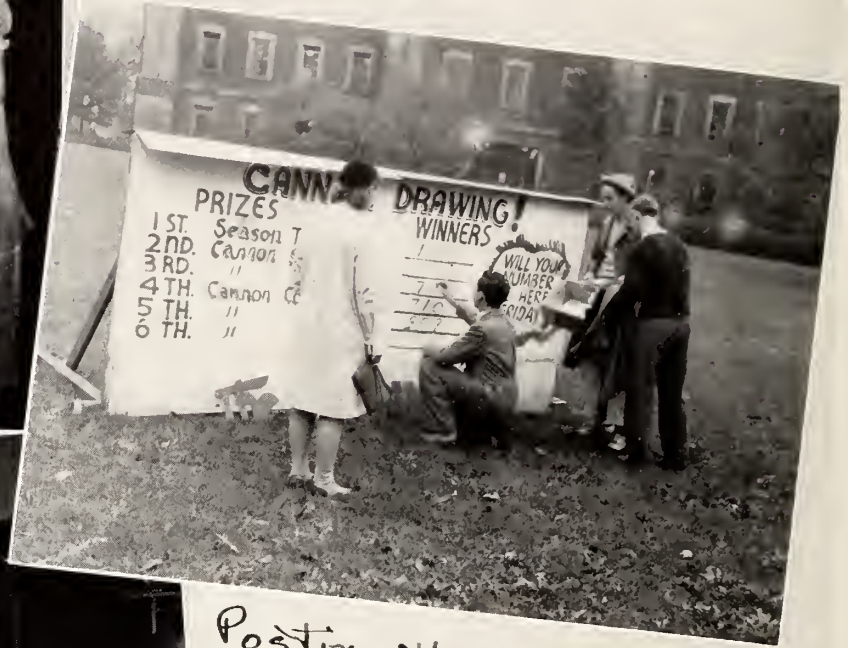
A guy hasn't a ghost of a chance at the Cannon Halloween dance



The personal arts class demonstrates "beauty for the asking."



Learned and Learning meet "over a treat" at the American Education Week Tea



Posting the winners
after the Cannon drawing
A mark of skill . . .
Modeling from life



Button, button,
Service Club
makes the
Tech buttons
badges



"I pledge allegiance
to the flag...."
Even sounds good
in Latin!

Coffee, cocoa, and conga
at the cotillion dance.



Praunt clusters
and a fudge bar,
please!



Frivolous freshmen
mingle at mixer



the sucker steals the show
on the stage of 120

Behind the judges
at "Sketch book" tryouts



"Clap, clap, clap, clap---
deep in the heart of 300"



These are the boys that got my name in the paper—
the news writing staff



Feeding the hungry press



The line-up for book "harm-in"



Before the Franklin Press Convention

Close-up of an ad made by the advertising class



"And furthermore..."



Hours after hours—Mr. Teeters arranges our programs

Defense work I found in the foundry

"Sweethearts" can live on applause alone . . .



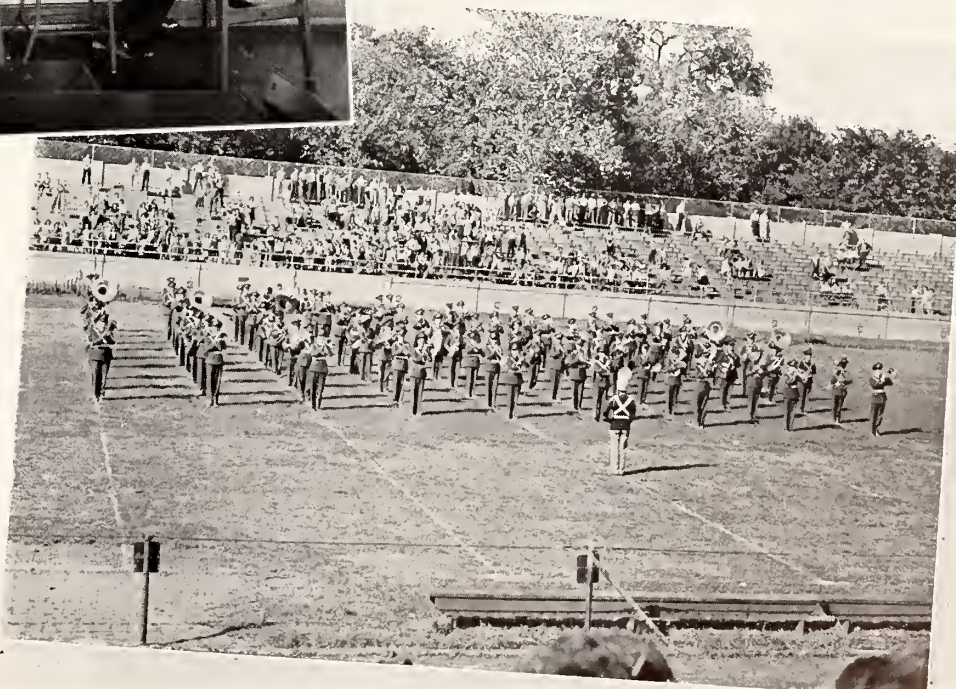


Our Alumni officers

A Tech sign painter cooperates with the press association

Three in a row; result—professional art

What is more thrilling than the Tech Band on parade?



A Note About Music



Brass Choir



Madrigal Singers



Tech Choir Dinner



Saxophone Quartette



Dance Band



Boys' Octette



String Trio



String Quartette

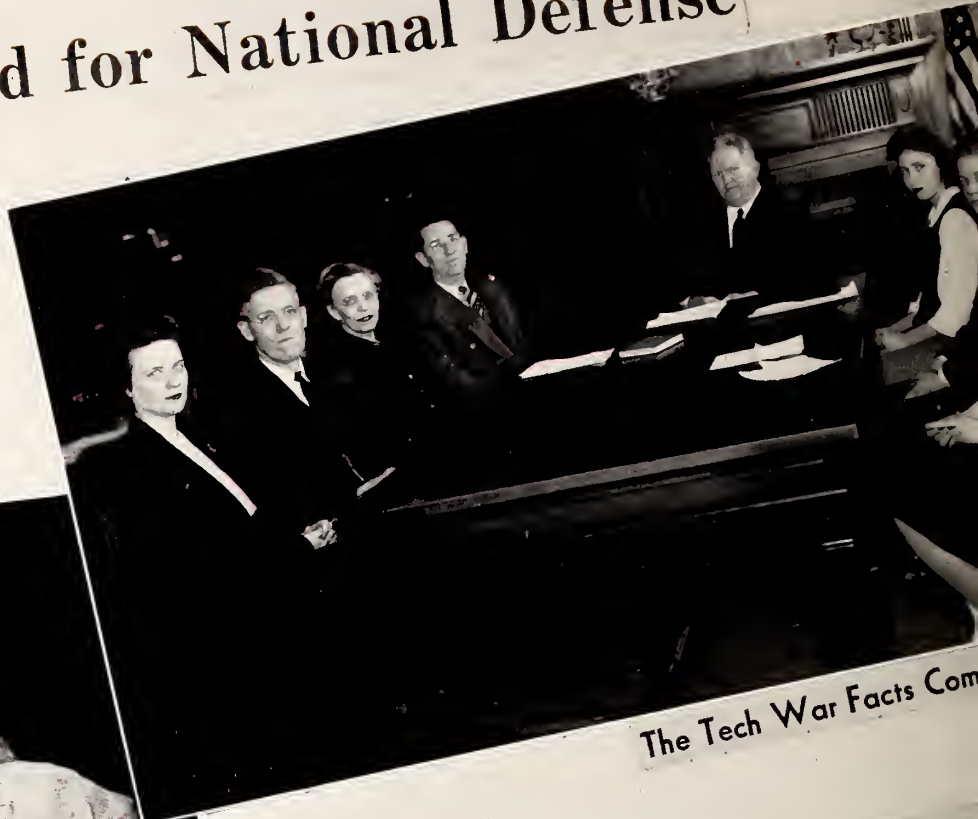


Girls' Sextette

Tech Stands United for National Defense

Cannon Does Its Part By Stripping Blocks And Selling Metal

We resolve, with faith so true
That our part we'll gladly do,
In defending our nation, from outside traps,
Such as one that was laid by the Japs.
They failed! And others will fail, too,
If they dare tamper with the Red, White,
and Blue.
So, come on, Techites, help keep them flying
Through your Defense bonds and stamps
buying!



The Tech War Facts Com



Applying every-day splints in a defense first-aid class



Measuring to one-thousandth of an inch in a senior parts-inspecting cla

Advertising classes boost the Victory Book Drive



BRITISH
WAR ORPHANS

AMERICAN
FRIENDS SERVICE

AMERICAN
RED CROSS

Sewing for war relief



Photography classes collect negative spools for manufacturers



FREE SPEECH
doesn't mean
Careless
TALK!



WE ARE AT
WAR!
"CAN" THE
GOSSIP!

246 slogans for the city-wide high school campaign

Sign Painting classes hush careless talk

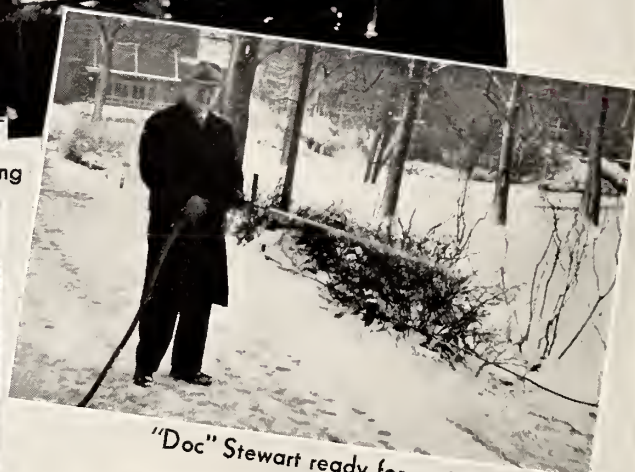
Cheer
YOUR
ARMED
FORCES
Now



Tech's first defense assembly



Preserving food by home canning



"Doc" Stewart ready for an incendiary bomb



Stripping Cannon cuts for metal



"America's on top! Let's keep her there!"

Focus On Fotos

"Now, you, little boy, over just a little"

.. Norman Roeser, fourth place



"Sign on the corduroy line"

.. James LaMar, fifth place

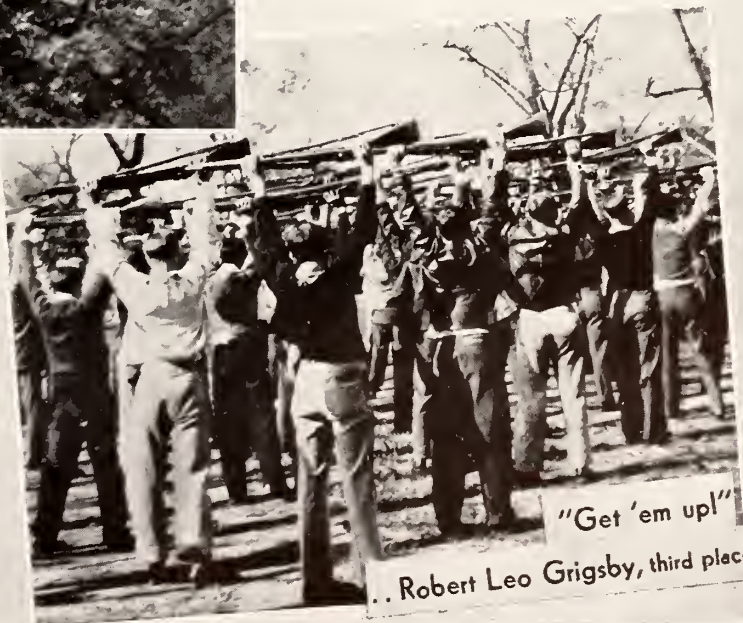


"Study in solitude"

.. James E. LaMar,
second place

"Through the trees"

.. Gene Spahr, first place



"Get 'em up!"

.. Robert Leo Grigsby, third place

We Point With Pride

Two Faculty Members
Receive State Honors
Teachers' Association Elects
Miss Sara Ewing President
At Annual Convention



Miss Sengenberger Receives
Honorary Master's Degree
Miss E. M. Sengenberger, secretary of
publications, was awarded an honorary
degree at the annual convention of the
Indiana Teachers' Association.



Donald Morgan, Tech winner in
American Legion Essay contest



Allen Hirschman—outstanding boy writer,



National Journalism Institute,
Northwestern, 1941

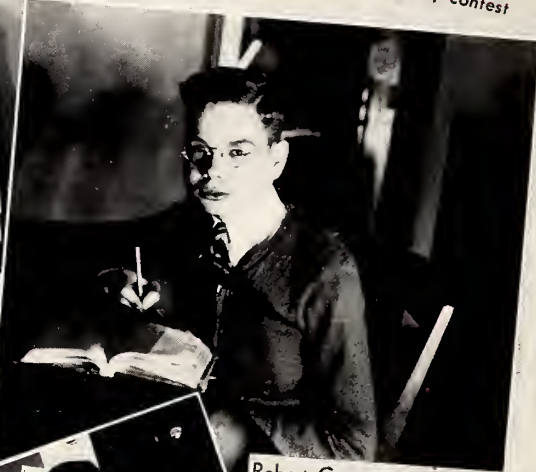
Four of Tech's five winners in
Indiana University Music contest



Winners in Butler Journalism
Field Day contests



Robert Grepp—Algebra I winner



Marilynn Mackey,
outstanding member,
"Senate," I.H.S.
Debaters' Conference



Jeanne Bundy, winner of
Alliance Française medal



James Sullivan, winner of
Everyday Reading Essay contest

Specialized writing contest winners,
I.H.S.P.A. convention



Phyllis Dunnewold—
Indiana winner,
D.A.R. Good Citizenship Pilgrimage



Sergeant Chester A. Pruett Receives Rank of Captain

Captain Chester A. Pruett, after 21 years of service as the sergeant in charge of Tech's first-rate R.O.T.C. unit, began active duty as a commissioned officer, February 10.

Three Technicians the rank of He has in his



units, Lieutenant Colonel L. D. Macy being the professor of Military Science and Tactics with headquarters at George Washington High School.

For the last three years Captain Pruett has been captain of the Sahara Grotto "Blue Devil" drill team, which has won place in national contests twice under

it, who has helped to thousands of Tech id, "I have enjoyed every ice here."

to the boys, the unit is very older who has trained cadets Honor Rating for

Tech entrants in state mathematics contest



State championship debate team



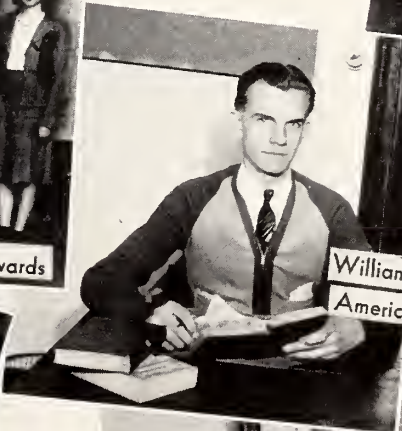
Winners of Poppy Day Poster contest



Winners of War Poster contest



Winners of National Scholastic Art Awards



William Kimmell, Tech winner in American Legion Oratorical contest



Winners of Tech Mechanical Drawing contest



Winners of Defense Red Cross certificates

Today Was A Beautiful Day



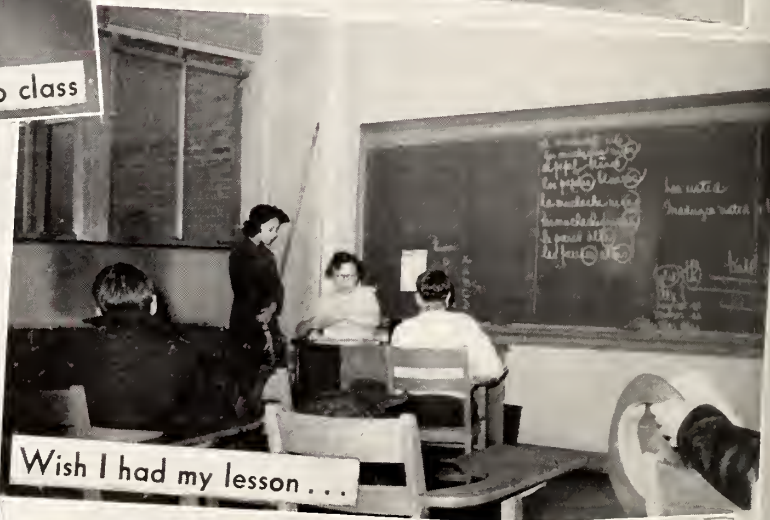
Late to class



I had a camera once



Tech's vigilante



Wish I had my lesson...

High noon



A barrel of fun



Say! Don't take my picture!



But what are they doing?



Down in front!



Typical spring day?

Ta-a-all lamppost!



Art-illery



What did you say?



Once Upon A Time . . .

These are copies of the manuscripts that won places in the annual June Magazine Literature contest. I want them in this book because no cross section of Tech would be complete without examples of the fine writing done by students in our English department. I'm especially proud because so many of them were written by friends and classmates of mine.

Jacqueline Wills
English VIII c
Lady of Linwood

Martha Burgess could see the huge sign on display on the book counter from the revolving doors as she entered the Fifth Avenue department store. A little thrill skipped lightly up her spine and danced gaily around the roots of her hair as she read:

ON SALE HERE

LADY OF LINWOOD
(The Year's Best Seller)

By

Martha Burgess

She wondered what her politely jeering friends were thinking now. They had tried so hard to discourage her trip to Linwood, Indiana.

"Good heavens, Martha, what kind of a story can you write about a hick town that no one but the farmers who live there has ever heard about?"

"Martha, you won't be able to stay in a dead place like that long enough to write the first two chapters of a book."

They were so earnest in their efforts to keep her in New York that for a brief moment she was a little dubious about the possibilities of Linwood herself, but Martha had a system for picking out the settings for her stories, a system

that she had used since her first book was published; and she had no desire to abandon this method at so late a date. For seven years she had chosen the backgrounds for her stories by closing her eyes and sticking a pin on the large map on her bedroom wall, and the system had never failed to influence the selling of an article or a book.

So she had gone to Linwood.

After the first fifty miles of riding in the territory around Linwood she had realized that she could have written a book on the scenery alone.

Martha picked up one of the books from the counter and read the dedication:

To Miss Ann of Linwood

It was strange how vividly that simple phrase recalled the whole story to her.

* * *

Martha Burgess had been in Linwood three days, and as yet she could find nothing interesting enough about which to write. She had wandered along Linwood's busiest streets; she had strolled through its silent, friendly woods; she had talked to two of the town's society leaders; she had joined in the noisy conversation of the town's so-called "unemployed" at the hardware store; and still she was void of ideas. True, she was gathering material on the characters and for the setting of her story, but ideas for the plot just would not come.

She was returning from one of her hikes in the woods when she came upon a small frame house, surrounded by a quaint and picturesque garden, a place that she had failed to notice before. The white house in the sea of brilliant flowers might well have been the one described in so many fairy tales.

As Martha made a mental picture of the scene, a tiny, aged lady suddenly emerged from the weigela bushes. She added the finishing touch to the fairy-tale picture. Her snowy white hair was rolled in a soft knot at the nape of her neck. Her dress was a light but rich shade of blue. Extremely old-fashioned, it would have looked grotesque on someone else, but it was impossible to picture its owner in anything more becoming.

The little old lady had appeared so suddenly that, for a moment, Martha was speechless. When she had gained her equilibrium, she called out gaily, "Good morning. I was just admiring your garden. It's lovely."

For a moment the woman said nothing; then she reluctantly replied, "Thank you," and disappeared among the weigela bushes again. This time Martha saw that she was loosening the dirt around their roots.

"Do you do all the work by yourself?"

"No. A man comes in once a week to help."

"Where does the little flagstone path lead to?"

"Come in and see, if you like."

And so it was that Martha met Miss Millie. After thirty minutes of fascinating exploration in the garden and conversation with Miss Millie, Martha realized that she was late for dinner at the boarding-house; so she said good-bye to the old lady, who was still practically hidden among her bushes, and hastened up the street to Mrs. Harper's boarding-house where she was staying.

When dinner was finished and everyone had left the table but Mrs. Harper and Martha, Mrs. Harper said in her cool, matter-of-fact voice, "I saw you talking to Miss Millie, but it won't do you any good. If she wouldn't tell Mr. Peter about Miss Ann, she surely won't loosen up to a stranger."

"Who in heaven's name is Miss Ann?" asked Martha.

"Haven't you heard about her?"

"No, I must confess I haven't. Who is she? Where is she? What has she got to do with Miss Millie?"

"Why, I thought you had heard the story some place, but, since you haven't, I'll tell you about it.

"Miss Ann is, or was, Miss Millie's sister. She and Mr. Peter were engaged and were to be married in the middle of June in 1891. They were made for each other, as the saying goes. I was only a child at the time, but I can remember how sweet they looked riding in their carriage through the town on their way to a quiet spot in the country where they could be to themselves.

"It was after one of these rides that Miss Ann said good-bye to Mr. Peter in her usual manner, and then went into the house where, as far as anyone knows, she has been ever since.

"When Mr. Peter went back the following day, he was refused admittance on Miss Ann's request. Mr. Peter tried for many years to see her, but every effort failed. He became a prominent lawyer and, in his later life, served in the United

States Congress for twelve years. During all this time he did not give up hope of seeing Miss Ann again, but he died in 1939 without fulfilling his desire.

"There is no one left who knows about this affair but Miss Millie and, maybe, Miss Ann herself."

"Mrs. Harper, do you mean there is someone in Miss Millie's house who hasn't been seen or heard of for fifty years?" Martha demanded.

"No one actually knows, Miss Burgess, but that is the popular belief."

Martha realized suddenly that her seemingly wasted time in Linwood was not wasted after all. After three days of frantic searching for an interesting plot, one had suddenly fallen right into her lap. She was vastly intrigued by the story Mrs. Harper had just related to her, and she was determined to know Miss Millie better and to find the answers to the questions that were racing through her mind.

It was surprisingly easy to get acquainted with the lady of the fairy-tale house. Martha had feared that the task would be difficult, but Miss Millie was, after all, only human, and she was as anxious to learn things from Martha as Martha was to learn things from her. Miss Millie got more answers to her questions, however, for Martha could in no way obtain information about Miss Ann or Mr. Peter.

For two weeks Martha tried untiringly to wrangle even the smallest clue concerning them from Miss Millie, but the



old lady had guarded her secret too long and too well to surrender it now. However, Miss Millie did, unknowingly, aid Martha in the writing of her book, for she listened with the ear of a critic as Martha read her descriptions of Linwood and its surrounding landscape; and, when Martha would finish her notes, Miss Millie would talk with great vigor about these familiar spots that she hadn't seen for many, many years. Through her enthusiastic recollection of these places, Martha gathered ideas and phrases to enliven her own descriptions.

* * *

It was her last day in Linwood. Miss Millie had furnished

her a new friendship and many hours of enjoyment but no actual information, so Martha had decided that, if her story was to have an ending, it would have to be a product of her own imagination. She was on her way to say good-bye to Miss Millie.

It was strange that Miss Millie should be among the weigela bushes on this last day, just as she had been when Martha had first seen her; but it was there that she was working when Martha called, "Miss Millie, I stopped to say good-bye. I'm leaving for New York this afternoon."

The little old lady was on her feet almost instantly. "Must you go? I have so enjoyed our daily talks. Surely you could stretch your stay over a few more days."

"I'm afraid not, Miss Millie. My work here is as complete as I have been able to make it. Now I shall have to finish it in New York. Before I go, however, I should like you to hear another description, if you have the time."

"I always have time to listen to you read, my dear. You bring back the scenes of my youth. Please sit down and let me hear it."

Martha read her description of a fanciful little spot in which she had rested on several of her hikes. When she had finished, she looked at Miss Millie, awaiting a hearty exclamation, but the little old lady sat in silence for a moment and then said quietly, "May I read that to my sister, Miss Burgess?"

Her sister! Then Miss Ann was still living in that tiny house. Martha hoped her voice didn't betray her emotion as she answered, "Of course. I'll wait here for you."

Martha was still recovering from the initial shock when Miss Millie reappeared and said, "My sister would like to meet you."

It was almost too much. Martha nodded assent and turned blindly toward the door. Somehow she managed to reach the head of the stairs inside the house, and then the door to Miss Ann's room was held open to her. She stood on the threshold long enough to satisfy the craving of her curiosity and to get back some of her sapped strength; then she took the offered chair at Miss Ann's bedside.

"My sister, Miss Ann" was the loveliest old lady Martha had ever seen. Her hair, too, was snowy white; her complexion was radiant, despite the fact that she had evidently remained in this room, away from the vitalizing sunlight, for a great number of years; although her eyes had once been a bright blue, they were faded now; still, she seemed to radiate vitality, even though she was confined to her bed.

"Miss Burgess, that spot you described was my favorite playground when I was a child, and I don't think it could have been pictured more vividly if it had been painted on canvas." With this sentence, she waived formal introductions and took Martha straight to her heart.

The following thirty minutes were ones of sheer ecstasy. Miss Ann was so engrossed in telling tales of her youth that Martha couldn't bring herself to ask the sweet old lady the questions that would pry into her personal and secluded life.

A hurried glance at her watch told Martha that she had very little time left in which to get to the station. She rose and reluctantly prepared to end this fascinating conversation. She extended her hand to Miss Ann and started to say, "I'm sincerely sorry, Miss Ann, but I must leave now for I have a

train to catch. I have enjoyed our visit extremely," when she saw that Miss Ann's eyes were still glued to the chair where she, Martha, had been sitting, and that her right hand lay motionless on the bed.

It was then that the horrible truth dawned on Martha. Miss Ann was blind.

Outside Miss Ann's door, Martha could restrain her curiosity no longer. "How long has she been blind, Miss Millie?"

"Ann has been that way for fifty years. She fell down these stairs one Sunday evening, and she hasn't been able to see since. She was very sensitive about her affliction; and, in spite of the protests of the entire family, she shut herself up in her room and refused to see anyone but the immediate members of the family."

* * *

"We have a special price on that book today only, ma'am. It's selling for only two dollars. It's really a bargain."

"No thanks," said Martha, as a faint smile lighted her face. "I'm just looking. I've already read the book."



Early Morning

Cathryn Thompson, ENGLISH VIII

In the early light the ornamental palms along the hushed street looked like squat grey posts with fanlike, tufted head-dresses. Here and there in the palmettoes the birds, hidden in the drooping fronds, called to each other with a note of spring in their songs. Cactus plants of weird shapes reared their strange growths from the soft sand in cultivated plots before lovely winter homes. Like great slate-hued spider webs the Spanish moss hung among the branches of the shiny-leaved live oaks which sheltered the homes from the summer sun. The moisture, carried from the breaking surf over the land by the warm night breezes, glistened and dripped from foliage and eaves alike.

Over the wide expanse of ocean fleecy clouds were lit softly from behind by the rising sun. In the early, uncertain light the undulating ocean was a dark grey green. Softly breaking waves of a changing tide rolled far up the flat beach; then the water ran back to the sea again in a shallow sheet of little ripples. In the spaced interval between curling waves the heavy hiss of the returning water filled my ears as it rushed back over the sand. Along the beach lay scattered little bunches of sea-weed, tossed up by the night tide. Tiny dark shells were fastened to the broken green streamers as if they were a sea-borne fruit. Here and there a dead fish curled on the sand, killed by the pounding surf. A new assort-

ment of dainty little sea shells lay in a winding line along the sand at what had been high tide. At the edge of the water running on rapid legs, the snipe were quickly picking up a breakfast left for them by the receding waves.

Overhead the great, strong-winged sea gulls slowly patrolled the beach. With outspread wings they sailed by, evenly spaced in a line, eyes toward the sea, necks outstretched, their turning heads on the lookout for food. The breeze from the sea was freshening; the sky glowed pink over the water which was a dark green. Above, the sky was changing to an azure blue. All at once palms, oaks, palmettoes, cactus, and I were casting shadows which sharpened rapidly in the clean air of early day. I ran far out into the breaking surf and took a header into a big roller that broke white and shiny green in the morning sun.

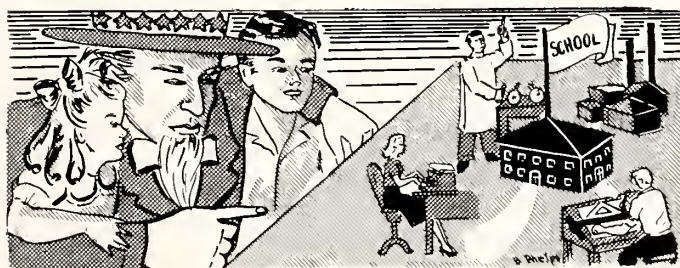
RAIN

Jo Anne Hayes, ENGLISH VIIIc

Poles of rain
Falling from the north,
Slashing endlessly at me
In partnership with wind.
Wind that pulled and stung,
Retreated, struck again.
December is not kind.

An August day
The sun, napping in a fluffy cloud,
Lets fall a few quick tears
To brighten once again
The worn, drab world
Burning in its summer shroud.

An April shower
The gods amuse themselves
Tossing dewdrops at playing children,
Dogs, and stern-faced business men.
A wind blusters in vain protest
But soon desists and
Seeks a better rest.



The Training Camp

Ralph A. Schafer Jr., ENGLISH III

The school is every young American's training camp. If you are of age to join the Army, Navy, or Marines and are still in school and can't make up your mind which to do, join or stay in school, here is your answer: Finish your education! If you were to join now and not know any certain trade, there would be but one place for you in the service, and that is the

training camp until you learn a trade. If you stay in school and learn the trade of your desire, you save the Government money and will be more useful to it after you are fully educated. You will then be put in a more important part of the Service as a chemist who will design a more efficient explosive, or an electrician who will construct an effective electric fence which will hold back the enemy. This is my appeal to every young American to stay in school, put forth every effort, and to the best of your ability get the most out of your education to serve your country and bring it to total victory.



Solitude

Ruth Bibos, ENGLISH VIIIc

Ever since I can remember, I have liked to go off by myself for a little while. Something about solitude makes even the most difficult problem simple and clear.

Walking in a warm spring rain rids me of the ordinary nerves, worries, and cares of the day. Putting on an old raincoat and galoshes, I slosh about to my heart's content. At a time such as this, Nature gets rid of worries, too, by indulging in a good clean shower. When my mother was desperately ill, a walk in the rain restored my sense of balance. Being jumpy and nervous would help no one, I decided, and would probably do a great deal of harm. I returned from my walk greatly changed. I had become calm and serene. This attitude helped to carry me more calmly through the trying days of my mother's sickness.

Having been on a camping trip near a river, I know what serenity accompanies lazy, dreamy canoe-drifting. This is the best time to build castles in the air, to day-dream about the future, and to hatch plans for days yet to come. Then I see myself as a brisk business woman, a great actress, an important author, or just an ordinary housewife.

However, for exhilarating moments, I like to tramp through a cold, clear night when crusty snow lies heavy on the earth. I can almost touch the stars; they are so close. Religion becomes more real to me then than at any other time. My decision to join the church came as a result of one of these walks. Looking up at the stars, I knew that they were part of an Infinite Plan and that long after I had gone, they would still be up there blinking down on this old world. It gave me such a feeling of awe and wonder that I cannot quite put it into words. Such a sensation has never come to me since, and I think it is one of those once-in-a-lifetime moments.

These solitary excursions may seem queer, but after all the noise of living, it is good to be alone for an hour or so.

ROLLER SKATING

Dorothy Sarber, ENGLISH 1A



I skim and dip or glide along,
I dance a waltz once more,
And find a special kind of joy
Across the shining floor.

It gives me a grand sensation
Of power, wide and free;
For fun and pure enjoyment
It's roller skating for me.



LANCELOT'S SHIELD

Elizabeth Vollmer, ENGLISH VI

Two blue lions that stand for courage—
Two blue lions on Lancelot's shield.
They were symbols of his courage,
Of deeds wrought on the battlefield.

Noble Lancelot, gallant Lancelot,
Who of old was Arthur's best;
Who in battle after battle
Put his steeled strength to the test.

Like knights of old, long years ago,
We struggle on life's battlefield.
Will the story of our courage
Be written on a blozoned shield?

SUMMONS

Patricia Branson, ENGLISH VIIIc

Listen!

The hoarse bellow of the factory whistle is sounding its summons.

It is colling out its messoge of time—

Time to work;

Time to lunch;

Time to quit.

Its sound is synonomous with the click of punched time-clocks,

With the rattle of lunch pails,

And with the human sound of voices.

Voices saying "hello" and "good-bye"

And the countless other things that voices say.

The factory whistle's throaty cry echoes through the smoke- and dirt-laden
air.

It carries to the scurrying workers in the office,

To the janitor on his rounds,

And to the grease- and dirt-covered, overroll-clothed factory workers—

To the backbone of Industry.

It calls—

And Man onswers its call.

For Man was ever made to work—

Made to work, while there are life and breath and spirit left in his soul.

Man will continue to onswer the call of the factory whistle,

For that is the essence of Progress and Civilization.

Listen!

The factory whistle is sounding its summons,

And Man will onswer its coll.

CONDENSED COMMODITIES

Betty Jane Alexander, ENGLISH VIIc

A trailer is a little home

For folks who hove the urge to room.

A bedroom-kitchen, so compact,

A ploc in which to think—not act!

The stove, the sink, and cupboards smoll,
Are up-to-date, but that's not all—

You con sleep on the toble and eat on the bed;
The ceiling's so low you endonger your head.

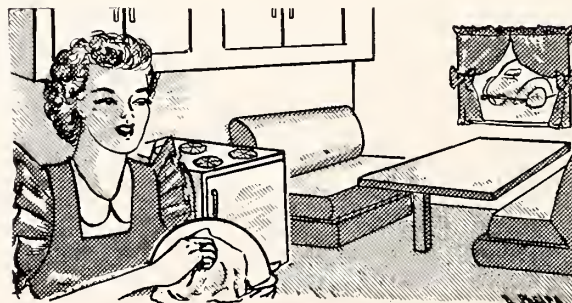
Condensed is the spoce one calls o floor,
A step takes you back where you were before.

Lomps, rocks, and mirrors smoll
Toke up the spoce that's called the wall.

A lighted match provides the heat,
A fuel expense that's hord to beat.

Four walls, two doors, and windows six,
Close in this magic box of tricks.

Troiler soles have hod a boom,
But, oh, if there were just some room!



TWILIGHT

Phyllis Dunneward, ENGLISH VIIIc

Green rushes with red shoots
Blown by whispering, willowing wind,
Point pole portraits of evening
On blue water.
Pole shodows of toll trees
Stirred into onomolous contours
Fode osmotically into veiling fog
Over grey morsh.

DELICIOUS DREAM

Joan Ruth Devin, ENGLISH VIIIc



I dreomed lost night. As o pirate bold
I soiled owoy o'er o seo of gold,
And the desert isle where I beoched my ship
Wos on ice cream sundoe with chocolote whip,
And the polm trees fringing the silver sond
Were peppermint sticks. Then the pirate bond
Went oshore to eot their fill,
And sloke their thirst from the lemonode rill.
Then suddenly vonished the goodies blended;
Like o bursting bubble my dream wos ended.

THE LILLIPUT DOG

Joan Robertson, ENGLISH IIA



Oh, the Lilliput dog is o wonderful sight!
He struts ond struts from morn till night,
And olways thinks that he is right—
This Lilliput dog, he does.

Oh, the Lilliput dog is wonderfully smort!
He studies music os well os ort,
And in plays he tokes the most difficult port—
This Lilliput dog, he does.

I AM A BOOK

Robert Ochs, ENGLISH VIIIc



I om o book—
No motter my cover,
Of paper soiled ond torn
Or the best Morocco leother—
I remain o book, o companion,
Although some think of me os mere poper.
Poper? Little do they know the life woven in the loom of my pages—
Or the deoth.
The poorest ore rich with the weolth of my treasures,
The wealthy find o brighter gold on my pages.

I am o book—
Sometimes I moke you goy,
Sometimes meloncholy—or ongrly.
I moke you forget ond I moke you think,
I moke you remember, for I tell you many things—
Bright things of life, of love—
Dork things of deoth, of feor, of hotred—
All these ond more ore found in my pages.
Reod me—goze upon my treasure,
I hove many things to tell you.

WORKS OF ART

Marjorie Amon, ENGLISH VIIb

The ortist who pointed the sunset
Must hove hod o wonderful brush
To point the down with o rosy glow
And the rising sun red os rust.

The designer who dressed the evening sky
In truth must hove been very wise
To fashion those wonderful colors
Transforming before our eyes.

The jeweler who strung the lovely stors,
He ploed them on display
On deepest dork blue velvet sky
To glitter in full orray.

The ortist, designer, ond jeweler,
All priceless work hove done;
With skilful hands they hove ploed them
In view of everyone.



Why Goldfish Are Gold

Robert Huter, ENGLISH III

One time there was an artist who was painting in the woods by a small stream. He became so excited over the success of his painting that he did not know that he spilled the gold paint which he had used to put on the final touches. As the paint ran into the stream and floated down, a few small fish noticed it and thought it must be some of the sun's rays that had fallen from the sky. Immediately they began to swim in it, for they knew the sun's rays were good for them.

When night came, instead of being dark as the other fish were when they swam around, these fish gave off glittering sparkles which were like the rays of light.

Ever since then some fish are golden because of the artist's carelessness. We call these fish, goldfish.

Sleep

Walter Dehn, ENGLISH VIII

What is sleep? The pocket dictionary in which I looked defines *sleep* as *slumber*. But what is *slumber*? This same dictionary defines *slumber* as *light sleep*. Discouraging, isn't it? Oh, well! What's the sense of defining *sleep*? Everyone should know a good definition of it. Of course, I don't know one. In fact, if you were to ask me what sleep is, my answer might be something like this: "Well," slight pause to clear throat and brain, "sleep is something that—uh, nobody can do without, and—uh, well, if you don't have enough of it, you yawn. And—uh, well, anybody knows what sleep is! Why ask me?"

Now that I have convinced you that I do not know what I am writing about, I will go on to educate you on the subject of sleep.

Of course, the best place to sleep is in bed. I say of course, but maybe many people will disagree with me. There are some people who spend half of the night "listening" to their favorite radio program while curled up in an easy chair sound asleep. Then they go to bed to read or to count sheep

as they try to go to sleep. These are the people who spend half of their day at the office sleeping and the other half complaining about their insomnia.

Every office or factory has its man or woman who claims that three hours of sleep a night is more than enough for anyone. I should say "claims temporarily," for this theory hardly ever stays with one person more than a week or two. He abandons it the first morning that the alarm clock fails to dent his slumber and only dents his pay check.

Some high school students claim that there is no place like school to sleep. This type of person is the one who stumbles bleary-eyed into class, throws his books on his desk, yawns as if he is trying to show everyone that he still has his tonsils and that he brushed his teeth that morning, stretches as if he were going through a calisthenics drill, and then plops into his seat like so much deadwood to continue his slumber which was so rudely interrupted by the dismissal bell of the last period. The best thing this fellow does for his school is to keep dust from collecting on his desk. (Notice, any resemblance between this species and the author is purely coincidental. Anyway, the author does NOT still have his tonsils.)

I have read many articles on how to go to sleep. They tell me everything except the fact that I should be sleepy in order to go to sleep. One article said that one should make his mind a perfect blank. If this helps, I now know why so many people are always so sleepy. Another said that the would-be sleeper should close his eyes and look at that part of his nose that lies between his eyes. I ask you, how can one close his eyes and still look at something? I think that maybe the guy who wrote this was so sleepy that he didn't know what he was talking about. Personally, I maintain that the best thing to do is to wait until one is good and sleepy before he even tries to go to sleep. Maybe that's why I am always going to sleep at the most inopportune moments.

I am not qualified to talk about dreaming or snoring, for I do neither. I kick and talk! The only dreams I have are of pink elephants, little men with pitchforks, and green and blue dragons that pop up out of nowhere and say, "Boo!" But those dreams—I don't talk about them any more than I do the times that I have knocked the lamp and the clock off the table next to my bed; or the times that I have tried to get some midnight air while sound asleep.

Now that you have read this far without falling asleep, there are three rules that I would like to give in conclusion:

1. Don't go around complaining that you are sleepy. Go to sleep.
2. Remember, a yawn may show that you are bored; but if you want to show that you are really bored, go to sleep and snore.
3. Never go to sleep while standing in a crowd such as in an elevator, on a streetcar, or when waiting in a line. When the person on whom you are leaning moves, you will have an awful let-down feeling.

Live up to these three simple rules, and you, too, can be a social success!



Misfortune's Child

Betty Jo Fark, ENGLISH VIII

Of all the people in this wide, wide world, the three Fates seem always to pick on me when it's time to pull an embarrassing situation out of their bag. It seems as if I can't even turn around without finding some happening to brighten my already red face.

I never will forget the time I tried out for an organ scholarship and in the midst of the audition, I forgot my piece. It was just a simple little ditty—"Country Gardens." The judges were friendly and smiled encouragement as I walked up to the piano. I sat down and glided through seven measures when—my fingers stopped! They just refused to play another note. I started over, played seven measures, and my fingers stopped again! I started over, and you know the rest! I could hardly wait to get out of the room and away from the piano. I was mortified! To this day I can't look "Country Gardens" in the face squarely.

Music was also my downfall at another time. However, it did the falling down. Two other girls and I (a trio) were playing "Stars and Stripes Forever" at a June recital, a few years ago. We were banging away like regular soldiers when the ragged sheets of music calmly slid under the huge piano. Our teacher rushed up on the platform, rescued the music, and commanded (we were on the starting line of a 50-yard dash, ready to run when the gun of laughter went off) us to finish the piece! We did! As we played the final chord very fortissimo, the music obligingly floated under the piano again. I wished I could go with it.

Besides being a master musician, I was also a great dancer in bygone days. Whenever we crave a good laugh, my fellow Ginger Rogers and I recall the night I fell down on the stage in the middle of a show. I can still picture the green bubble costume I was wearing on that fateful evening. It had a shockingly short skirt, green panties, a big bow under the chin, a hat giving a halo effect, and green bows on my shoes. The step that caused my downfall was called an "over-the-top." In this step, one foot jumps over the other foot which is held a few inches above the ground. This feat was supposed to be accomplished while the performer turned around in a circle. I started to turn and I started to jump but—a nail in my tap happened to be caught in the floor. Consequently, I sprawled all over the stage! But surprise—I didn't run off the stage bawling like a baby (the other girls did that after our

number was over). I picked myself up and went right on with the dance. Afterward Mother's friends complimented me on my beautiful recovery from such an "unfortunate accident" and that made me blush all over again because I hate being talked about. It makes me awfully self-conscious, and many times that leads to dreadful results.

Once I went to dinner with two aunts. It was an old maids' party, but they wanted to show me to their friends (Exhibition A, the Fates decided) so I went along. When we sat down to eat, the ladies began talking about my bee-u-tiful hair—"it was so naturally curly—how lucky—oh my, yes"—gush—gush—gush. They made me feel like two cents change. I began blushing, as usual. Inwardly I was giving myself a very severe lecture because I couldn't gracefully accept a compliment. To emphasize my disgust with myself, I subconsciously gave the roll I was buttering an extra hard jab. It protested—by jumping out of my panicky clutch, sailing across the room, and finally hitting the wall, splattering butter all over. (Exhibition B.)

Then there was the time I spilled a whole pitcher of tomato juice all over my table at camp; there was the time when I tripped in the hall at school and fell flat on my nose (laugh if you wish; all the spectators did); there was the time when I stood up in assembly when no one else did; and there were many more times when I had an excellent reason to hide my red, red face!

I'll probably go on being embarrassed beyond redness until Lady Luck forces those three dark menacing Fates to find another human guinea pig to "take" their merciless tricks. I certainly hope that time will come soon!

I SAW NOVEMBER COME

Allen Hirschman, ENGLISH VIII

I saw November come.

She swept across the twilight skies
as a great tragedienne sweeps
onto a stage which she knows
is set and lighted
to compliment her art.

A canopy of dull, lustreless gray
draped the sky, trailing
heavy folds of deep purple
which tangled in the bare branches
of trees below.

To the west, where the city blurred
the sky with streaks of white light,
she was powerless,

But her presence fell like a blanket
upon the unresisting suburbs.

Then, as house lights sometimes
dispel the magic of a performance,

Yellow-glowing street lamps revealed
her as a rather unattractive woman
dressed in dingy white and magenta.

Heritage

Patricia Branson, ENGLISH VIII

Even the bright headlights of my coupé were powerless to penetrate the darkness of rain and fog that enveloped all of southern Louisiana that night. Whitish swamp mist drifted against the windshield and trailing tendrils of Spanish moss brushed the right window. I should have liked to stop until the worst of the rain was over, but I was afraid the motor might drown out, there in the middle of nowhere; so I kept on, never more than fifteen miles an hour, peering anxiously from grey swamp on my left to grey swamp on my right, searching for the side road that would lead me to the Stillwall Mansion. Then, while I was wondering what kind of beings my great-great grandparents must have been to have built a home so far from everything, I noticed a small, weather-worn sign announcing that I was at Stillwall Road.

I turned onto the muddy lane and drove for perhaps another ten minutes before sighting the crumbling gates of the estate, beyond which a few lamps sent their feeble glimmer into the darkness. The house, when I drew near enough to see it, proved to be of typical Southern style, tall and aloof, with a grey air of decay. The old stable behind it seemed a good place to put my car, so I drove it in through the gaping doors—then hurried along the walk, across the wide front veranda, and to the front door.

All this time I was reviewing in my mind the many details of the situation that had brought me so far from my home to this old house I hadn't visited since I was a child too young to remember. I thought of May, my third cousin who had died just the day before, and whose funeral I had come to attend. She had inherited the old house from her mother who in turn, had inherited it from her mother, who was my great-great grandmother. Now May had died and I, the last of the Stillwalls, would presumably inherit the estate, unless May had gone against the wishes of great-great grandmother and willed it to her adopted brother and his wife, who were not blood relatives of the Stillwall clan.

I guessed from what my family had said that May had been an invalid for years. At first she had had lots of money and easily afforded all the servants and nurses she hired; but during 1929 she had lost almost everything but the estate, which was heavily mortgaged but still valuable because of the priceless art collection it contained. Soon after the loss of her money (according to the story I had heard) this adopted brother and his wife had appeared on the scene and offered to take care of her; and that, so far as I knew, was the situation to date.

As I lifted the huge knocker and let it fall with a hollow clang, I wondered what the brother and his wife would be like. Surely they must be kind-hearted souls to have taken care of an ailing sister for so many years with only a small salary and their room and board.

The door swung open and I faced a short, fat, bald man of about fifty who stared at me without uttering a word. I finally took the initiative and explained who I was and why I

was there. He stared a little longer and then led me into the parlor, introducing himself as Harold Bythe, May's adopted brother. He silently took my coat and hat, then murmured something about "fetching" his wife who was in the kitchen at the time. I started to protest that he shouldn't bother her, but before I was well started, he had left the room in a smooth, quiet way, like a cat. It startled me to see such a heavy, awkward-looking man move so silently.

While I was considering this, he suddenly reappeared as smoothly as he had left, this time accompanied by his wife, a thin, pale woman, who kept looking just beyond my left shoulder to a place somewhere in space. He introduced me as "the third cousin, who's come for dear May's funeral," which she duly recognized by a small nod. Still gazing past me, she picked up my overnight bag.

"It's sort of late—'spect you'll want to wash up and go to bed. I'll show you to your room." She left the room almost before she had finished speaking, and I had to hurry to keep up with her. I did not want to go to bed—I wanted to hear about Cousin May's last years, and above all, I wanted a chance to talk to this Harold Bythe. He gave me the strangest feeling of distrust. Neither he nor his wife acted or looked like the type I had expected. But what could they gain besides a mortgaged house, if they had some other interest than taking care of an invalid sister?

I followed my strange hostess up a long, winding flight of stairs, and into a large, cold, dark room. She gave me a candle and some matches, pointed out some wood for the fireplace—and left! She was certainly the strangest hostess I had ever known. I lighted the candle and set it on the mantle in order to see to make a fire. Just as I was getting ready to touch a match to the wood and paper I had piled on the grate, someone rapped gently on the door. I opened it to a little old lady with snow-white hair and the loveliest face and palest, most transparent skin I had ever seen, its delicacy marred only by a tiny star-shaped mark above one eye.

"Come in," I invited, beckoning her to a chair close to the fireplace. "I'm trying to get a fire started. As soon as I do, the room will warm up. It's sort of cold for entertaining visitors."

The little white-haired woman sat there for a minute or two just watching me trying unsuccessfully to light a fire. Then she said in a soft, sweet voice, "Really, my dear, it's quite all right. You mustn't bother about lighting a fire for me. I heard you arrive and came to see you because I have a mission I want you to carry out for me—that is, if you would?"

"Of course, I'd be glad to do anything I can to help you," I said, at the same time wondering where I had seen her before. She looked so familiar—and yet I couldn't place her. She seemed to know me, so I hesitated to confess that I couldn't remember her. I decided to act as if I knew her and maybe her name would come to me.

"My dear, I'm so glad you're here," she said in her silvery voice. "There's so much to be done—about that Bythe person and his wife. That's why I came to you. I have a packet of papers here that explains everything so that you'll get this property. All you have to do is take them to the lawyer, just as soon as you can."

I broke in rather impatiently, "Oh, but I'm sure that the estate's been willed to me. May knew that my great-great grandmother, Dorothy Stillwall, wanted this house always to remain in the hands of a blood relative. I'm sure she wouldn't ever will it to that awful man and woman. They——"

The silvery voice interrupted me. "My dear, I'm sorry to say that I know that May did will this property to them—under force from them. And they must never have it! For Harold Bythe is not May's adopted brother. He is an imposter!"

I gasped in sheer amazement, but the old lady talked on, explaining. "The real Harold Bythe disappeared when he was very young. But later there was certain proof that he had enlisted in the army and was killed in the World War. That proof is with those papers."

"But then, who is that couple downstairs?" I asked, still too shocked by this sudden exposé to wonder where the papers had been before and why this old lady had them in her possession.

"That couple is a pair of shrewd schemers who thought they would get this house, with its valuable paintings. They came when May was in trouble, and offered to help her, so she accepted without checking too closely to make sure of their identity. The paintings are worth a small fortune, and they were willing to wait a little in order to get their hands on them as legally as possible. Do you see? Only you and I know that they're not who they claim to be. And we must prove it in order to save the estate. The proof is in those papers. Will you promise to take them to the lawyer, first thing in the morning?"

"I promise," I answered, still too dazed really to know just what was happening.

"Then I must leave you, since you have promised to take care of them for me. An outsider must never have this house!" Without another word she left the room, and when I ran after her to inquire who she was and where she was staying and any number of other things, she had disappeared.

I grasped the papers she had given me and turned back to my room. My fire suddenly caught and soon was burning brightly. Clutching the papers to me, to prove to myself that the nocturnal visitor had not been a product of my imagination, I turned toward my bed.

Then I saw the face of my strange visitor again, but this time in a portrait hung above the bed. Perhaps the painting was of an ancestor of my new friend—the costume was that of an earlier generation. Taking off my shoes, I climbed on the bed to get a closer look at the picture. There was the little star-shaped scar above the eyes to prove the figure in the portrait and the little old lady to whom I had been talking were one and the same! Now if there would only be a name-plate on the frame, I would be able to learn her name. With the papers I held, I brushed away the dust at the bottom of the frame, exposing a metal name-plate.

Bending closer I saw the name——

Dorothy Stillwall 1807-1874

The Lonely Inn

Clyde McCormack, ENGLISH VIII

Walking along the wild, wind-swept coast of England, you come across many old inns and taverns where travelers once rested and refreshed themselves. These ancient structures, groaning and creaking in the strong sea-winds, stand as eerie reminders of dark things that have been, and of pleasant things that might have been. Most of these give you only a tingling sensation as you walk by, or stop to investigate; but there is one that is different.

It stands on a rocky crag, overlooking a broad expanse of sea on one side and a desolate moor on the other. Its old sign, squeaking dismally on rusty hinges, is embossed with an



ebon raven and the words "The Sign of the Raven." The bird's dark feathers still glisten weirdly and its glittering eyes continue to pierce the darkness, in spite of the age of the sign. It is as though someone keeps it polished and cleaned. And when you enter the taproom, you find that everything is dusted and cleaned, the floors swept and shining, and the main table set for one. By that time, you care to go no further, for the place has an atmosphere of suspense and impending disaster. It makes you feel that life in the tavern had suddenly ceased but is waiting to begin again.

Upon inquiring about this in the not-too-distant village, you will be told that someone does keep the place in order, especially the sign and taproom. But no one has ever seen this strange character although it is said that on dark, wintry nights, a lantern can be seen flickering from room to room; and it is believed that a ghostly guardian is walking his rounds, keeping the place neat and straight, and waiting for someone who will never return.

Introducing The Seniors

Seniors Select Colors, Purple, White, Green

Green, white, and purple were selected by the seniors for their class colors for this year, according to Miss Leunice Horne, head of the color committee.

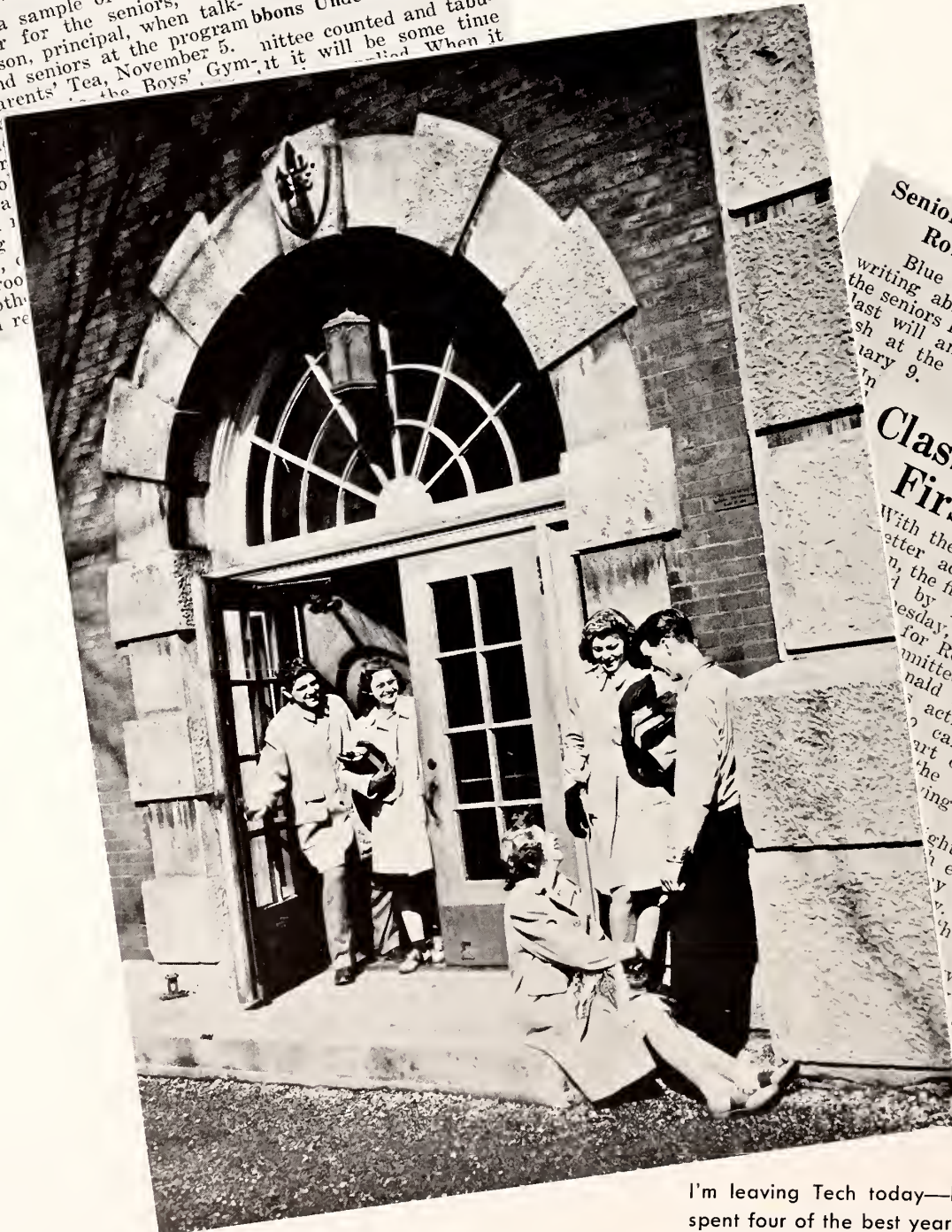
Mr. Anderson Addresses Parents, Seniors at Tea

"This is just a sample of what is yet to come this year for the seniors," said Mr. H. H. Anderson, principal, when talking to parents and seniors at the program for the Senior Parents' Tea, November 5, in the Boys' Gym.

Colors were black, green, and purple. Ballots were distributed and seniors voted for their third choices. It was decided to have more than one ribbon.

Seniors Undecided

Ballots counted and tabulated. It will be some time before the seniors decide when it will be some time.



Senior Winter Party Features Roll Room 173's Dancing Mascot

Blue eyes, bright smiles, and letter-writing abilities were freely bestowed by the seniors leaving Tech in January in their last will and testament," read by James at the annual senior winter party, January 9.

Class of '42 Holds First Senior Mixer

With the theme of the party being to better acquainted with their fellow seniors, the first Senior Mixer of the year, by Miss Leunice Horne, was held Wednesday, October 1, at 3:15, in the Roll Rooms 1 and 177. The committee for the mixer was composed of activities and Leonard Lee, to carry out the general part of the program was the music of the Tech. This mixer was the first of the year.

Everyone was to be as possible of prizes were the greatest.

who planned Johnston, and the seniors Lee, Bud

I'm leaving Tech today—leaving the school where I have spent four of the best years of my life. Now I can remember only my happy hours at Tech, hours crowded with work, study, campus life, and friendships.

Donald Allspaw
Kenneth Apple
Manson Ballard
Marilynn Becker
Betty Bergmann
Bess Maxine Best
Joan Biddle
Mary Elizabeth Bradway
Eleanor Brown
Donald Bryan
Vernon Buchanan
Jeanne Bundy
Arthur Burns
Warren Buschmann
Elizabeth Calkins
Warren Carpenter
Mildred Carter
Patricia Chamberlain
George Christ
Marion Coan
Grace Colville
Clyde Combs
Ramona Cowger
Andrew Cox
Betty Crouch
John Crump
Marguerite Downey
Wilbur Dryer
Janet Du Granrut
Robert Egli
Evelyn Essig
Betty Jo Fark

Margaret Farrington
Betty Fleming
Patricia Frank
Rosemary Goettling
Betty Jean Hasch
Frederick Heger
Robert Henley
George Higgins
Rosetti Hiland
George Hill
Allen Hirschman
Lyle Hopwood
William Johnson
William Kimmell
Leonard Lee
Betty Linder
Martha Lingeman
Paul Logan
Thelma Lostutter
Clyde McCormack
Mae Ann McCormick

Edward McKinney
Marilynn Jo Mackey
Harriett Maitlen
Virginia Malcom
Clara May Masterson
Richard Meischke
Howard Norsell
James O'Mara
Robert Payne
Doris Perry
John Phillips
Phyllis Prentice
John Rainey
Anna Ratcliffe
Mabel Risdon
William Roberts
Tula Mae Robbins
Doris Rose
Robert Sachs
Edward Schilling

Velma Louise Schniepp
Curtis Scott
Elmer Shay
James Stieff
Edward Stocker
George Stockman
Wilma Stout
Marjorie Swartz
Edward Teppig
William Waddell
Rosemary Weddle
Helen Anne Wells
Phyllis Wentz
Frederick Wickemeyer
Herbert Willis
Josephine Willis
James Wolfgang
Louis Young



Roll Room 192



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President



BETTY BERGMANN
Vice-President



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Secretary



DONALD ALLSPA W
Treasurer



DONALD BRYAN
Sergeant-at-arms



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Sponsor



BERTHA ABEL



CHARLES ABNEY



RICHARD ABRELL



EDWARD ADAIR



CHARLES ADAMS



LARRY V. ADAMS



LAWRENCE T. ADAMS



LOIS ADAMS



MARY ADAMS



VIRGINIA ADKINS



WILLIAM ADRIAN



WILLIAM AHLERS



SHIRLEY AIKIN



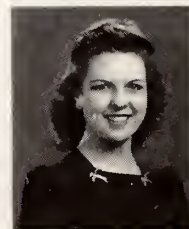
RUTH ALBRIGHT



HELEN ALDRIDGE



MARY EVELYN ALERDING



BETTY JANE ALEXANDER



CLARENCE ALEXANDER



EUGENE ALLANSON



ROBERT ALLEN



WILLIAM ALLEN



DELMAR ALLISON



JAMES ALLISON



MARJORIE AMON



DONALD ANDREWS



JEANE ANDREWS



KENNETH ANDREWS



CHARLES APPLE



GERALD APPLE



KENNETH APPLE



LAURA APPLE



WAYNE ARBUCKLE



WILMA ARMSTRONG



ELSIE ARMSTRONG



DONALD ARNEY



MARVIN ARNOLD



ROBERT ARVIN



CARLENE ASHBY



MARGARET ATKINSON



HENRY AVERITT



WAYNE AYRES



ROY BABBS



ROBERT BAER



IRVIN BAILEY



MARIAN BALL



RUTH BALL



MANSON BALLARD



ARTHUR BARON



ALICE BARTH



JAMES BASH



EDWARD BATES



ANNA BAXTER



ROBERT BEATTY



COURTLAND BECH



CYRIL BECKER



MARILYNN BECKER



ROBERT BECKER



HOWARD BEESON



ROSEMARY BEHR



RAYMOND BELDEN



NORMA JEAN BEMENDERF



JAMES BENNETT



ROBERT BENNETT



HERBERT BENSON



ARMILDA BERNITT



BERTHA BERNITT



BETTY JEAN BERRY



CLYDE BERRY



GLEN BERRY



THOMAS BERRY



BETTY BERTELS



BESS MAXINE BEST



BARBARA BETZNER



JOSEPH BEVEL JR.



RUTH BIBOS



JOAN BIDDLE



TYING THE LAST KNOT — OUR DIPLOMAS



ARTHUR BIECH



DONALD BIENZ



NELLIE BIRK



THOMAS BLANDFORD



WAYNE BLEDSOE



HAROLD BLESS



MARY BLINN



ALICE BLOEMHOF



ROBERT BLOOMER



FRANCIS BOESCHE



ANNA LOU BOESE



REA BOLEN



CYRIL BOLING



ELLA LOU BONNET



JEANNE BONNIER



BETTY BOWERS



JEAN BOWERS



MARY JANE BOWNE



RALPH BOYERS



RANDALL BRADFORD



DOLORES BRADLEY



ROBERT BRAMMANN



JOSEPH BRAND



ROBERT BRAUTIGAN



LEO BRAY



PAUL BREMER



DONALD BREWSTER



ROBERT BRICKLEY



MARY LOUISE BROADHEAD



DONALD BROMSTRUP



EUGENE BROOKS



CHARLES BROWN



CLEO BROWN



ELEANOR BROWN



EUNICE BROWN



SEE MY PROOFS!



JAMES BROWN



MARJORY BROWN



MAXINE BROWN



ROBERT BRUCE



WILLIAM BRUCE



JOHN BRUMMETT



CONRAD BRYAN



DOLLY BUCHANAN



LOUISE BUCHANAN



VERNON BUCHANAN



DONALD BUCK



CECIL BUCKHEISTER



ROBERT BULLOCK



MAXINE BUNCE



JEANNE BUNDY



RANDALL BURKEY



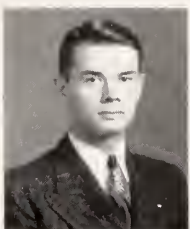
RANDALL BURLISON



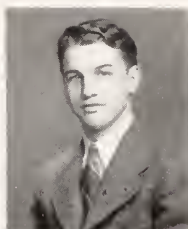
ARTHUR LEE BURNS



DALE BURRIES



WARREN BUSCHMANN



ROBERT BUSSELL



HAROLD BUTLER



WILLIAM G. BUTLER



JEAN BUTTS

Roll Room 139



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Treasurer



WILBUR DYER
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Spokesman



JO ANN CAIN



DAVID CALDERHEAD JR.



JOHN CALDWELL



ELIZABETH CALKINS



MARJORIE CALVERT



JAMES CALVIN



BETTY CAMPBELL



FREDERICK CAMPBELL



JOSEPH CANGANY JR.



DORIS CANTRELL



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CHARLES CARON



MARTIN CARRICO



MILDRED CARTER



WALTER CARTER



THEODORE CHADWICK JR.



BERNICE CHAMBERLAIN



PATRICIA CHAMBERLAIN



FORREST CHANDLER



JEAN CHANDLER



WARNER CHAPMAN

Man



JESSIE CHAPPLE



VIRGINIA CHARLTON



WESLEY CHARPIE



DOLORES CHATHAM



ROSCOE CHAUNCEY



WILLIAM CHILDERS



GEORGE CHRIST



THOSE WOULD LOOK SWELL WITH MY JACKET-



IRMA CLARK



WILLIAM CLARK



MARION COAN



LOUELLA COBB



JAMES COCHRAN



BRADFORD COFFEY



BETTY COFFIN



ROBERT COFFIN



JOAN COLE



ANNABELLE COLLINS



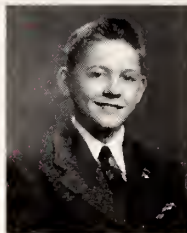
JOAN COLLINS



MARY COLLINS



VIRGINIA COLVILLE



CLYDE COMBS JR



JEAN ANNE CONNELL



SALLY CONNELL



THOMAS CONNER



MARY CONOUR



FRANCES COOPER



JACK COREY



MARILYN COREY



ROBERT CORRIDEN



LURAL CORYELL



WILLIAM COVERDILL



LLOYD COVERSTONE



ANDREW COX JR



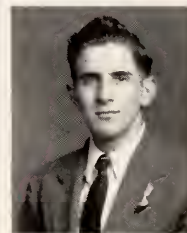
GRACE COX



ROBERT COX



LELA COY



WILLIAM CRAIG



BETTY CROUCH



HAROLD CROWE



KENNETH CROWLEY



JOHN CRUMP



JACK CRUZ



ROBERT CULLOM



JULIA CUMMINGS



BETTY CUNNINGHAM



DOROTHY CUNNINGHAM



MELVIN CUNNINGHAM



WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM



ARWIN CURRAN



JAMES CUTSHALL



CATHERINE DALTON



WILLIAM DAMRELL



ROBERT DANGLER



JOHN DARTING



MARVIN DAVIS



MILDRED DAVIS



PATRICIA DE BOLT



ROBERT DEER



WILLIAM DEGISCHER



MARILYN DEHN



BERNARD DE KALB



HARRY DEMAREE



HAZEL DE MOSS



MARTHA DENNIS



FRANCIS DENTON



MARJORIE DEPKA



JOAN RUTH DEVIN



DAVID DE VOE



IMOGENE DE WEESE



WANDA DICKSON



THOMAS DI GREGORY



DAVID DILL



JANE DIRR



EDDIE DISS



LOUISE DOBBS



BETTY DOBERSTEIN



JANE DODD



WILLIAM DONAHUE



NED DONNELL



FREDRICK DONNELL



DONALD DOW



MARGUERITE DOWNEY



HARRY DOWNING JR.



TEA IN THE TOWER



SAMUEL DRAGOO JR.



JAMES DREW



JAMES DREXLER



ADDISON DUNN JR.



PHYLLIS DUNNEWOLD



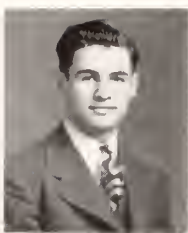
DOROTHY EAGLIN



LOIS ANN EBERHARDT



WILLIAM ECKSTEIN



JAMES EDWARDS



ROBERT EGLI



HOWARD EGOLF JR.



ROBERT ELLIOTT



MARTHA ELLIS



VIRGINIA ENGLE



EVELYN ENGLEBRIGHT



BETTY JANE ENNIS



CLYDE ENNIS



PHILIP ENNIS



WILLIAM ENOCH JR.



EARL ENSLIN



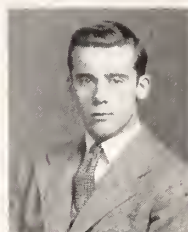
RICHARD ERNSTING



HUBERT ESKEEW



EVELYN ESSIG



ADELBERT EVANS



THOMAS EVANS



RUTH EVERETT

Roll Room 173



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EDITH FARRINGTON



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GLENN FARROW



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WILLIAM FAVORS



MASON FEATHERSTONE JR.



WILLIAM FENTZ



LORENE FERRIS



ROBERT FIDLER



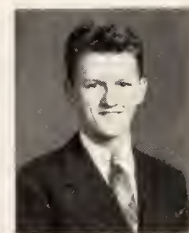
DONALD FIELD



BETTY FIELDS



LA VERNE FIELDS



WILLIAM FIESEL



JAMES FINN



CARL FISCHER



LA VERNA FISCHER



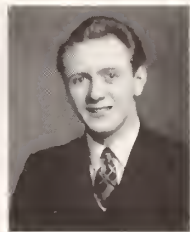
BETTY JEAN FITCHETT



WILLIAM FITZPATRICK



THOMAS FLANAGAN



FRED FLOWERS



BETTY FLOYD



FRANK FLYNN



OWEN FLYNN



WILLIAM FORSTER



ORVILLE FOSGATE



PAUL FOSTER



EARL FRANK



PATRICIA FRANK



BRUCE FRAZER



VIRGINIA FREED



BETTY ANN FREEMAN



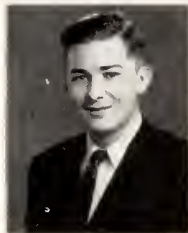
MICHEL FREIJE



ANDREW FREITAS



ERNEST FRICK



HOWARD FROELICH



EVELYN FRUITS



BETTY FRYE



ROBERT FULK



MARTIN GABRIELCIC



RAYMOND GAINES



NORMAN GALE



ROSEMOND GAMBREL



WILLIAM GARD



VERNON GARRETT



JAMES GASPER



ROBERT GASTINEAU



GORDON GATES



ALMA GATRELL



PATRICK GAUGHAN



GLENA GENTRY



ALEX GERSON



WILLIAM GILLESPIE



FRANK GILLIAM



JEANETTA GILLILAND



MARY ANNE GILLMAN



FREDERICK GILMORE



JULIA MAE GINET



VIRGIL GODAN



ROSEMARY GOEBEL



ROSEMARY GOETTLING



WILLIAM GOMMEL



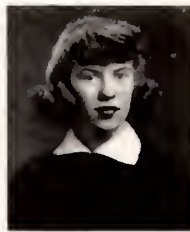
ROBERT GOODWELL



BETTY GOOLSBY



PHYLLIS ANN GOTH



JO ANN GRABHORN



DORA GRAHAM



JO-ANNE GRAHAM



JOHN GRAHAM



PHYLLIS GRAVES



MARY GREEN



VIRGIL GREEN



MARTHA GREENE



ABRAHAM GREENSTEIN



GRACE GREGG



WILLIAM GRIFFIN



FLORENCE GRIFFITH



ROBERT GRIGSBY



SILVIA GUBERMAN



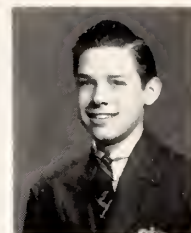
WILLIAM GUYANT



VICTOR HABOUSH



GERALDINE HACKER



JEAN HACKNEY



MILDRED HAGAN



JAYHEW HALCOMB



ANNA HALL



MARIAN HALL



JOSEPH HAMM



ROBERT HAMMERLE



WILLIAM HAMMOND



ROSE HAMILTON



JACK HANNA



LEONA HANRAHAN



TIM HANSON



LOIS HARDING



EDGAR HARDY



EDDIE HARMON JR.



ROY HARPOOL



DAWN HARRINGTON



VERA HARRIS



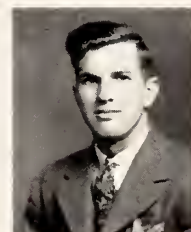
ROBERT HARSH



MARTHA HART



JOAN HARTLEY



ORLANDO HARVELL JR.



CORA BELLE HARVEY



BERNICE HAUSZ



MARK HAVENER



ELSIE HAVERKAMP



CHARLES HAWKINS



ELDEANA HAYES



VASHTA HAYES



MARY HAZELIP



DELORES HEARLD



CECIL HEATH



EUGENE F. HEATH



EUGENE O. HEATH



GERALDINE HEATH



ROBERT HEBENSTREIT



DOROTHY HEDEGARD



MARJORIE HEFLIN



EVELYN HEINY



PHYLLIS HEISTERKAMP



WARREN HEISTERKAMP



NORMAN HEITZMAN



DOROTHY JEAN HELFER



DONALD HELMICK



WILLIAM HENDRICKS



ANNA HENRY



MARY JANE HENSLEY



RAYMOND HERALD



HARRY HERMAN



MARIAN HERMAN



RUTH HEYLMANN

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GEORGE HIGGINS



BETTY HIGHFILL



RALPH HILL



MAURICE HINDMAN



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ALLEN HIRSCHMAN



FAYE ELLA HITE



HILLARD HOBACK



WILLIAM HOBBS



VIRGINIA HODGES



BETTY ALICE HODSON



HOWARD HOFFMAN JR.



CONRAD HOFMANN



DOLORES HOFMEISTER



RUFUS HOGAN



MYRON HOLLINGER



LEAH HOLMAN



LOVENA HOLMBURG



ROBERT HOLMES



DORIS HOOK



RALPH HORNE JR



HARRY HOSEY



GEORGE HOSKING



AFTER GRADUATION, WHAT?



ROBERT HOUSEL



HAROLD HOWENSTEIN



WALTER HOWSER



WILSON HOYT



LORETTA HUBBELL



BILLIE HUDLER



DONALD HUDSON



CHARLES HUFF



CHARLENÉ HULSE



EARL HUMBLER



LAURA HUNDLEY



CURTIS HUNT



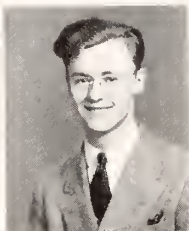
HERBERT HUNT



ROY HURLEY



BETTY LOU HURST



ROBERT HURST



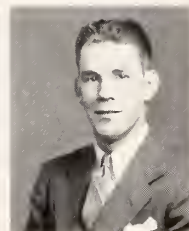
DORIS HURT



ELIZABETH HYATT



LOUISE HYMER



RICHARD INGMIRE



MARGARET IRELAND



PHILIP JACKSON



ROY JACKSON



RUBY JACKSON



MARY JO JAENISCH



ELEANOR JEFFERS



BETTY JENKINS



TRUTH JEGÉR



ANNETTE JESSEE



VIRGINIA JESTER



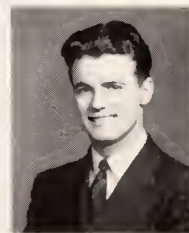
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BETTY JOHNSON



JESSE JOHNSON



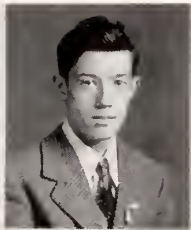
KEITH JOHNSON



MARGARET JOHNSON



MARY THELMA JOHNSON



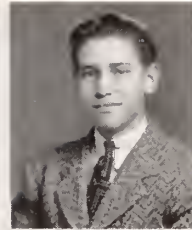
ROBERT JOHNSON



WILLIAM JOHNSON



BENJAMIN JOHNSTON



ROY JOHNSTON



LESLIE JOKIEL



BETTY J. JONES



BETTY LOU JONES



EUDORA BELLE JONES



HELEN JONES



MARGARET JONES



NOEL JONES



RUTH JORDAN



IRA JOSEPH



JAMES KAFADER



PEGGY KARSNER



JEANNE KATZENBERGER



RUTH KATZENBERGER



HOWARD KEELER



JOHN KEENAN JR.



WALLACE KEHRER



MARGUERITE KELLEY



MARY MILDRED KENNARD



JOANNE KENNEDY



DENA KERHOULAS



ELSIE KEUTHAN



DONALD KEYLER



MARJORIE KIEWITT



HELEN KILLILEA



WILMA KILLION



ANNOUNCING ANNOUNCEMENTS



WILLIAM KIMMELL



BETTY KING



WADE KINGERY



JOHN KINNAMAN



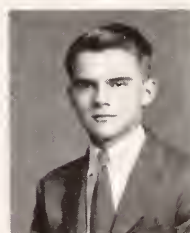
ROBERT KLIER



IRENE KLINE



ALICE MARIE KNOOP



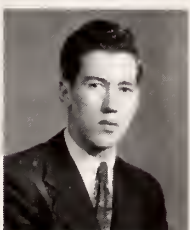
ROBERT KOCH



ELOISE KOEHLER



JILL KRAUSE



KENNETH KREIGER



FRANKLIN KREPS



DALE KUTZ



MAGDALEN KUYKENDALL



JAMES MUTTER



CHARLES LACKEY



SHIRLEY LAHMAN



HERBERT LAHMANN



CHARLES LAMB



WILLIAM LAMBERT



NORMA LAMKIN



CHARLES LAMMERT



VICTOR LANDRIGAN



BETTY L. LANE



BETTY M. LANE



DORIS LANE



ROGER LANE



MARION LANGAN



BETTE JENE LANHAM



BERNARD LASWELL



JOHN LAWLIS JR



ROBERT LEAMAN



PHILLIP LEAMON



JACK LEATHERMAN



LEONARD LEE



LAVONE LEHR



DOROTHY LEPPERT



EARL LEWIS



HAROLD LEWIS JR



MARTHA LIGHT



BEATRICE LINDEMAN



BETTY LINDER



VONNIE LEE LINGENFELTER



NORMAN LITTELL



LESLIE LITTLE JR



WESTON LITTLE



LAWRENCE LOGAN



PAUL LOGAN JR



HELEN LOHMAN



ALFRED LONG



GARRISON LONG



CLYDE McCORMACK
President



MARY JANE LAFFEY
Vice-President



MARTHA LINGEMAN
Secretary



DONALD LEONARD
Treasurer



RAY MILLER
Student at-large



MISS ALTA WELCH
Sponsor

Roll Room 300



GLADYS LONG



WILLIAM LOOS



THELMA LOSTUTTER



DONALD LOTT



HOPE LUCKEY



I'M A BAD BAD BOY!



BETTY ANN LYNCH



GERALD McCABE



VIRGINIA McCLARA



MARGARET McCONAHA



RICHARD McCONAHAY



MAE ANN McCORMICK



VIRGINIA McCOUN



ELIZABETH ANN MCCOY



JOHN MCGEE



ELIZABETH MCGUIRE



CHARLES McHENRY



EDWARD McKINNEY JR



JOAN McMAHON



JEANNE McNEELY



ARTHUR McRAE



SHIRLEY McVEIGH



MARILYNN JO MACKEY



ELIZABETH MAC LEOD



PAULINE MAISEN



HARRIETT MAITLEN



VIRGINIA MALCOM



LUCILE MANN



LEROY MARPLE



CARL MARSH



STANLEY MARTIN



SUSAN MARTIN



WILLIS MARTIN



MARY LOUISE MARTZ



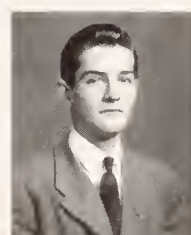
LYSLE MASTERS



CLARA MAY MASTERSON



INA MARIE MATHEWS



HARRY MATILLO



BETTY JUNE MATNEY



HERBERT MATTHEWS



FREDA MATTINGLY



WILLIAM MATTINGLY



VERNON MATTOX



CLARICE MAUCK



ROBERT MAY



ANTHONY MEDVESCEK



BETTY MEEHAN



RICHARD MEISCHKE



PHYLLIS MELDRUM



MARILYN MELLON



SALVADOR MENDEZ



DONNA MAE MENTEN



BETTY JANE MERCER



JOHN MEREDITH



JAMES MERRIFIELD



MARY MESCALL



RALPH METZGER



CHARLES N. MEYER



JAMES MEYER



CHARLES K. MEYERS



CATHERINE MIDDAW



SARAH MIDDLETON



MAXINE MILENDER



HENRY MILES JR.



HUGH MILES



ALLEN MILLER



CAROL MILLER



FLORENCE MILLER



HARRY MILLER



JACK MILLER



JEAN MILLER



JOHN MILLER



THOMAS MILLER



WILLIAM MILLER



ROBERT MINATEL



ELEANORE MITCHELL



KATHRYN MITCHELL



MILDRED LOUISE MITCHELL



EMMA JANE MOCK



IMOGENE MONCE



ALMA MONROE



JAMES MONSON



JOAN MONTANI



KATHLEEN MONTGOMERY



JOSEPH MOORE



MARGARET MOORE



DOROTHY MORETON



RUTH ELLEN MORIARITY



ELLIS MORRIS



ALFRED MORRISON



INA MORROW



DANIEL MORTON



JACK MORTON



ROBERT MOSS



MARJORIE MOURON



EDGAR MOYER



BETTY JANE MUELLER



GEORGE MUELLER



KATHLEEN MUNNEKE



EARL MURPHY



VURL MURPHY

Roll Room 7



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ANNA RATCLIFFE
Vice-President



DORIS ROSE
Secretary



BETTIE LOU PHILLIPS
Treasurer



ROBERT OCHS
Sergeant-at-arms



MISS MARGARET AXTELL
Sponsor



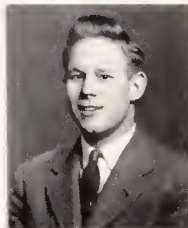
BARBARA NEUBAUER



BETTY JEAN NEUMAN



CHESTER NEWLAND



EUGENE NEWLUND



BETTE NEWMAN



BETTY NEWSOM



BETTY NIEMANN



MARIE NIETEN



MARY GLADYS NIETEN



ROBERT NIX



CARL NORDSIECK



HOWARD NORSELL



MARY NORTON



SARAH NORTON



GENE OAKES



THOMAS OAKS



ARDEN OBER



ALICE ANNE O'BRYAN



GEORGE O'CONNOR



JOHN O'DAY



JOHN O'DRAIN



ROBERT OKEY



WILMA OLDHAM



DONALD OLSEN



JAMES O'MARA



WAYNE ORLOPP



JANE OSBORN



RICHARD OSTING

X



FRANK OWINGS



BETTY PACE



JOHN PALM



DONALD PARISH



GERALDINE PATE



MARJORIE PATRICK



RUSSELL PATRICK JR



BETTY PATTERSON



PAUL PAVEY



JAMES PAXTON



ROBERT PAYNE



JUNE PEACHER



WILLIAM PEASE



JACK PEASLEY



BERNADINE PENCE



RALPH PENNINGTON



ROBERT PENNO



JUANITA PERKINS



DORIS PERRY



KENNETH PERRY



PATRICIA PERSELL



DAVID PERSINGER



KLAAS PETERS



WILLIAM PFEIFER



THELMA PHERIGO



JAMES PHILLIPS



JOHN PHILLIPS



RITA PHILLIPS



ROBERT PICH



LA VONA PIERSALL



JOHN PIERSON



LENORA PIERSON



ALICE PINNICK



ROBERT PLANK



PAUL PLEAK



IF I AM ELECTED —CAMPAIGNING FOR SENIOR OFFICE



MARJORIE PLUESS



LOUISE PLUMMER



GEORGE PLUMP



JAMES POLAND



MARVIN POLK



NELLA MAY POLLARD



CALVIN POOL



JACK POPE



MARY LOUISE PORTER



BETTY JANE POSTMA



ANGELO POULOS



BETTY JO POWELL



RICHARD POWER



DOROTHY POYNTER



RICHARD PRATT



PHYLLIS PRENTICE



PHILIP PRESSNALL



FREIDA PRESTON



ANTHONY PRIOLA



ROBERT PRITCHARD



LATRELLE PROPST



ELIZABETH PROUT



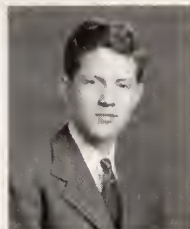
RUTH QUIRE



EVELYN RAHRAR



WANETA RALSTON



RICHARD RAMSEY



HAROLD RANDOL



MARY LOUISE RANEY



PATTY RATZ



PERRY RAY



DENNIS RAYMER



ROBERT REED



CAROL REHLING



CATHERINE REICHE



GEROLD REILLY



ROBERT REINHARDT



NORMA REXROTH



DOROTHY RHEES



JOHN RHINEHART



FLORENCE RICHARDS



JACK RICHARDS



JANE RICHARDS



DIANA RICHARDSON



FREDERICK RICHTER



HOWARD RICKENBRODE JR.



BELLA MARGARET RIGGAN



HARRY RIGGS JR.



MABEL RISDON



GILBERT ROARK



MARJORIE ROBBINS



TULA MAE ROBBINS



BEVERLY ROBERTS



CHARLES ROBERTS



WILLIAM ROBERTS



JUANITA ROBINS



DE MONA ROBISON



WILLIAM RODENBERG



JEAN ROE



KENNETH ROEPKE



NORMAN ROESER



LAVERNE ROHLFIING



EDWARD ROHRMAN



WILLIAM ROLLINGS



IVO JANE ROMERIL



THELMA ROSEBROCK



SALLY ROTH



BETTY JEAN ROTT



DOROTHY RUGH



MILDRED RUSSELL



WALTER RUSZKOWSKI



HORACE RUTAN

Roll Room 5



EDWARD SCHILLING
President



VIRGINIA SPRATT
Vice-President



LOUISE SCHNIEPP
Secretary



HERMAN SPACKE
Treasurer



EDWARD STOCKER
Sergeant-at-Arms



MISS LOIS SINK
Spokesman



MARIO SALAMONE



MARY SALAMONE



RAYMOND SALBECK



FARRELL SANDLER



MARIO SANTAROSSA



NATHAN SAUER JR.



DALE SAUNDERS



CALVIN SCHARRER



IRVIN SCHEIB



RITA SCHEIDEGGER



LEE SCHENCK



VIRGINIA SCHISLER



ROBERT SCHLIESMAN



DOROTHY SCHMITT



VIVIAN SCHMITT



ANNA MARIE SCHNEIDER



CHARLES SCHOPPENHORST



JOHN SCHORN



ELAINE SCHUCK



VERNA SCHWIER



MILDRED SCHWOMEYER



BETTY JEANE SCOTT



CURTIS SCOTT



GREGORY SCOTT



RICHARD SCOTT



CLYDE SEARS



WILMA SEIGLE



JAMES SEITZ



LUCILLE SEITZ



DONALD SELLMER



RAYMOND SEMMLER



ROBERT SENOUR



FRANCIS SERGI



HARRY SERING JR.



DOROTHY SERVICE



ORPHA SERVIES



DONALD SEYFRIED



HARRY SHAFFER



RICHARD SHARP



JOE SHAW



WILLIAM SHAW



ELMER SHAY



RALPH SHEETS



JEAN SHELTON



RUTH SHEW



MARJORIE SHINKLE



CLOENE SHIPP



JUANITA SHIRLEY



VIRGIL SHOEMAKER



BRYAN SHORT



RICHARD SIGMUND



SARA SIMERMAN



PHILIP SIMS



AT SENIOR COUNCIL MEETING



ARTHUR SINGLETON JR.



BETTY JO SIPES



EVANDA SLAUGHTER



GEORGE E. SMITH



JANE W. SMITH



JUANITA SMITH



MARGARET E. SMITH



MAXINE SMITH



MIRIAM SMITH



ROSE MARIE SMITH



VIRGINIA SMITH



JANE SNELL



EDWARD SNYDER



HELEN SNYDER



JULES SNYDER



LEON SNYDER



MARCILLE SNYDER



NINA SOLOMIE



FRANCES SOSBEY



ROBERT SOUDRIETTE



RICHARD SPALL



FLORENCE SPARKS



BARBARA SPONG



BETTY JANE SPRINGER



PHYLLIS STACK



SWING IT! ROLL CALL'S ALMOST OVER



JAMES STAHLEY



HENRY STAIB



GERALDINE STARKEY



GARALD STARR



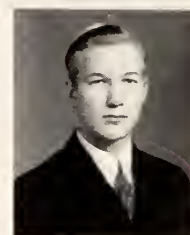
RICHARD STEARMAN



ROBERT STEELE



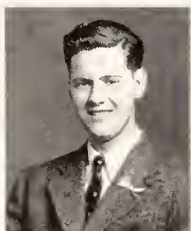
AMELIA STEFANICH



LYNN STEFFEN



EUGENE STEINFORT



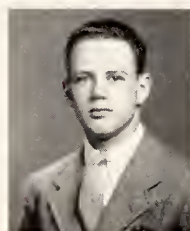
EUGENE STEPHENS



PHYLLIS STICKLE



JAMES STIEFF



ROBERT STIEGLITZ



JOHN STIGALL



JUANITA STOCK



GEORGE STOCKMAN



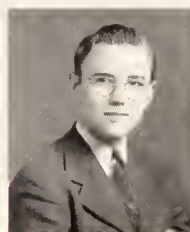
WILLIAM STOCKWELL



HAROLD STOEFFLER



ISABELLE STOLL



JOHN STONEBRAKER



ROBERT STONEKING



MAXINE STORM



PAUL STORY



JOHN STOUT



VIRGINIA STOUT



WILMA STOUT



ROBERT SACHS

Roll Room 6



BETTY WALDKOETTER
Vice-President



FREDERICK WICKEMEYER
Treasurer



MISS CORA TREFZ
Sponsor



LOUIS YOUNG
President



HELEN WHITEHEAD
Secretary



EDWARD TEPPIG
Represent-at-large



BERNEICE STRIBEL



FLORENCE STROUGH



WILLIAM STUDEBAKER



ELSIE STUMP



ROBERT SUITS



HELEN SULLIVAN



JAMES SULLIVAN



MARGARET SULLIVAN



BETTY JEAN SUMMERS



DOROTHEA JEAN SURBER



CHARLES SUTHERLIN



ROBERT SWADENER



MARJORIE SWARTZ



RALPH SWEENEY



BYRON SWEETZ



PHYLLIS SZATKOWSKI



ROY TAPY



EDWARD TAYLOR



LYNN TAYLOR



MARY E TAYLOR



MARY F TAYLOR



WARREN TEEPE



EVELYN TERRELL



DONNA THEROUX



YVONNE THEROUX



ALBERT THOMAS



CATHRYN THOMPSON



KENNETH THOMPSON



RUBY THOMPSON



MILDRED THORNE



BETTY JEAN THRASHER



RUSSELL THROM



AUDREY TINDALL



BETTY TODD



MARY TODD



INEZ TRACY



MILDRED TRAVIS



JOYE TREMBLE



CARL TRITTIPO



NOTRA TRULOCK JR.



BETTY TRYON



FRANCIS TUCHER



ALICE MAY TYERS



DORIS TYHURST



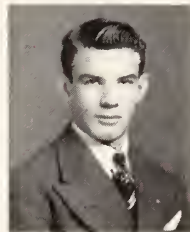
HELEN UNDERWOOD



DONALD VAHLE



PALMIRA VALDEZ



ARTHUR VANCE



BERTHA VAN GORDER



JAMES VAUGHN



MARY VEST



JUANITA VIDEBECK



LULU WADDELL



WILLIAM WADDELL



DEWITT WAGNER



RAYMOND WALD JR.



EDWARD WALFORD



RICHARD WALKER



MARILYN WALL



ELMER WALLACE



HUGH WALLACE



PHYLLIS WALLACE



WAYNE WALLS



ARTHUR WALTERS



KATHRYN WALTON



DONALD WARD



LAWRENCE WARD



ROBERT WARD



DOROTHY WARRENBURG



NANCY WATERS



MARY WATKINS



ROBERT WATNESS



JAMES WATSON



ROBERT WATSON



VIRGINIA WATSON



BETTY LEE WEBER



EDWARD WEDDELL



ROSEMARY WEDDLE



WILLIAM WEEST



HELEN ANNE WELLS



PAULINE WELLS



JACK WELSH



PHYLLIS JEAN WENTE



EDGAR WEST



ROBERT WHEASLER



JOHN WHEELER



RUTH WHITSON



CORINNE WICKLIFF



CLYDE WICKS



WILDA WIESE



MARIAN WIGGANS



DONALD WILKERSON



ROBERT WILKERSON



NORMAN WILKES



BETTY JEAN WILLETT



BETTY JANE WILLIAMS



EARL WILLIAMS



KATHLEEN WILLIAMS



HERBERT WILLIS JR



JOSEPHINE WILLIS



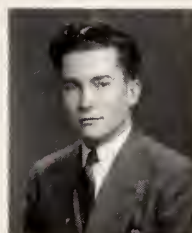
PHYLLIS JEAN WILLOUGHB



JACQUELINE WILLS



JAMES WILLS



ARNOLD WILSON



JOHN WILSON



JUNE WILSON



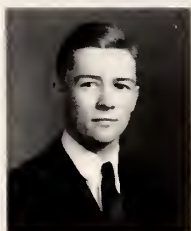
MARCELLA WILSON



RALPH WILSON



ROBERT D. WILSON



ROBERT E. WILSON



JAMES WINKEL



JOINING THE CROWD IN FRONT OF THE ARSENAL



CHARLES WINTERS



MARJORIE WOLF



JAMES WOLFGANG



KENNEDY WOLVERTON



NORMA WOODCOCK



MARY WOODRUFF



LOU MARY WOOSLEY



BERTHA WORKMAN



THELMA WORKMAN



ROBERT WYCKOFF



CAROL WYLIE



MAE WYNALDA



CHARLES YAGER



JAMES YETTER



BETTY YOUNG



DONALD YOUNG



DOROTHY ZACHARY



ROSEMARY ZACHARY



JOANNE ZICKENDRATH



LEO ZIEGELBAUER



MARSHALL ZIGLER



NORMA STREEPY



WALTER ZOBEL



WILLIAM ZODY



EDWARD STRAIN JR



Aw, G'wan! Sign It!



C'mon, You Can Write!

